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No. 164 (2324).—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

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BRIGHTON EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, 1861.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR.

THE NEXT EXHIBITION will take place on the 26th of August, at the ROYAL PAVILION. In a spacious and well-lighted Gallery, an outlay of £500 having been publicly sanctioned for adapting certain Rooms on the upper floor to this special purpose.

Further Information and Circulars to be obtained of the Honorary Secretary, Mr. G. DE PARIS, 55, Marine Parade, Brighton.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY. — ARTISTS

ARE respectfully informed that the Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the LIVERPOOL ACADEMY WILL OPEN early in SEPTEMBER next. WORKS of ART intended for Exhibition will be received (subject to the regulations of the Academy's Circular) by Mr. GREEK, 14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, until the 17th of August, and at the Academy's Rooms, Old Post Office Place, Church Street, Liverpool, until the 24th of August.

JAMES T. EGLINGTON, Secretary.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

In aid of the Funds of the General Hospital, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August. Principal Vocalists: Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Rudersdorf, Mme. Lemmens-Sherington, Mlle. Adeline Patti, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Sig. Giuliani, Mr. Santley, and Sig. Belletti. Organist, Mr. Stimpson. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Outline of the Performances.

Tuesday Morning.—"Elijah"—Mendelssohn.

Wednesday Morning.—"Samson"—Handel.

Thursday Morning.—"Messiah"—Handel.

Friday Morning.—Grand Service in D—Beethoven; "Israel in Egypt"—Handel.

Tuesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture, "Siege of Corinth"—Rossini; Grand Finale, "Lorely"—Mendelssohn; Overture, "Der Freischütz"—Weber; Selections from Operas, &c.

Wednesday Evening.—"The Creation"—Haydn.

Thursday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture and Music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn; Overture, "Guillaume Tell"—Rossini; Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber.

Friday Evening.—"Judas Maccabæus"—Handel.

Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the performances may have them forwarded by post, or may obtain them on or after the 20th July (with any other information desired), on application to Mr. Henry Howell, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

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MILNER GIBSON TESTIMONIAL.

At a Meeting at FENDALL'S HOTEL, on the 19th of July, in pursuance of Resolutions moved and seconded by Sir J. V. SHELLER, M.P., Sir CHARLES DOUGLAS, M.P., Mr. CONDEN, M.P., Mr. J. WHITE, M.P., and Mr. W. ASHERST, it was determined to invite a PUBLIC COLLECTION towards a FUND for a TESTIMONIAL to the Right Honourable T. MILNER GIBSON, to commemorate the Final Abolition of all Taxes on Literature and the Press.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1861.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND TYPOGRAPHY OF
CAXTON.*

IN the notable parley held between Jack Cade and Lord Say, as imagined by Shakespere, one of the offences charged by the arch-rebel against the learned lord, and for which the latter presently had his head struck off, is thus set down:—"And whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used!" No modern dramatist, we venture to say, could possibly be guilty of such an anachronism, as both pit and gallery now well know that William Caxton was our first English printer, who did not set up his press at Westminster until more than twenty years later than the Cade insurrection, which happened in 1450. With this bare fact, however, that Caxton was our first English printer, and that he produced certain *Black Letter* books, as they are called, some of which now realize as much as a small freehold whenever they turn up at a sale, the knowledge of our friend the general reader may be said to come to an end. We propose, therefore, with the aid of Mr. Blades's highly interesting and sumptuously-printed volume, to lay before him the principal facts in Caxton's biography, noticing briefly, as we proceed, the points of divergence between the statements and conclusions of Mr. Blades and those of previous authorities.

To begin with his birth. Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent, a fact which we gather solely from his own statement in the prologue to *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, "I was borne in Kente, in the Weeld." Lambarde says that this was always a very undefined portion of Kent; but as in the fourteenth century there was a manor of *Caxton*, in the hundred of Hadlow or Hauldo, Mr. Blades inclines to the opinion that this was the precise locality; also that his family were respectable, and perhaps a branch of the old stock that owned the manor of the same name—Caxton and Causton being interchangeable in the spelling. The date of his birth, judging from that of his apprenticeship, may be reasonably fixed at 1422-3, which is considerably later than has been hitherto received. Mr. Blades, however, shows that he was apprenticed in 1438 to one Robert Large, a mercer, and that according to the custom of the times, persons did not issue from their apprenticeship until the commencement of their twenty-fifth year; which, combined with some other circumstances in Caxton's after career, has led him to this conclusion. If we except Caxton's own statement that his parents sent him to school in Kent, this is all that we know of him prior to his apprenticeship. Of Robert Large, Caxton's master, we are informed that he "was one of the richest and most influential merchants in the City." In 1430 he filled the office of Sheriff, and in 1439-40 was elected mayor. When Caxton was apprenticed to him he lived in a house at the north end of the Old Jewry, which "appears to have been a very ancient and extensive mansion." Our author has much to tell

us of Robert Large and his family, of which Caxton now became an inmate; but this we must pass over, merely remarking that it must have been highly advantageous to the young countryman to commence his civic life under such high auspices, Large having been elected Warden of the Company of Mercers, the oldest chartered City company in existence. Unfortunately, however, Large died in 1441, and Caxton had to be transferred to another master. Who this was does not appear; but we next find him resident at Bruges, in Flanders, the great centre of English traffic abroad, whither he was, in all likelihood, sent by the person holding his indentures, as "it was not uncommon for young men in his position to be sent to some great mart-town abroad, to acquire experience in trade." From the will of Robert Large, which is one of the most important documents published in *extenso* in Mr. Blades's volume, we learn that he bequeathed to Caxton the sum of twenty marks, about £160 of our money, which was no small proof of the master's esteem for his apprentice. This, Mr. Blades thinks, was all the money he took with him to Bruges; but we very much question whether he received it before coming of age.

About 1446 Caxton's apprenticeship terminated, when it is likely that he commenced business on his own account, and was, moreover, prosperous in the same, from the evidence of a certain lawsuit in the year 1450, in which he was considered surety sufficient for £110, more than equal to £1000 now. About this time or earlier he must also have taken up the freedom of his company, as is evident from documents quoted in the volume before us. He likewise now became a member of the famous chartered company called the "Merchant Adventurers," whose governor had control over all English and Scotch traders in those parts. Of this company Mr. Blades has brought together much interesting information, which we are sorry that we cannot detail, more especially as the next fact of importance with respect to Caxton is that he himself became governor of this Company in 1462 or 1463. In this capacity he took up his residence in the "Domus Anglie," or house of the Company, an ancient print of which is given by our author, a facsimile from the original of Antonius Sanderus. Owing to political difficulties between the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, and our King Edward IV., Caxton had much trouble in his governorship; but this vanished upon the accession of Charles the Bold in 1467, when a matrimonial alliance was contracted between the young Burgundian Sovereign and Margaret of York, sister of King Edward IV. The marriage was solemnized at Bruges on the 5th of June, 1468, "with the greatest possible pomp; and long accounts of the splendour of the ceremony and the accompanying festivities have been given by the old chroniclers." That Caxton was present at it in his capacity of "governor," there can be little doubt, and as little that it was about this time he attracted the notice of the Duchess herself, who some two years afterwards engaged him in her service. What may have been the nature of this service we are left to conjecture. Probably, as Mr. Blades suggests, it had to do with certain private ventures of the Duchess in the way of trade, in which Caxton acted for her. At all events, it brought him into confidential relations with his patroness, judging from his own statement in the Prologue to the *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, the first printed book in the English language. Caxton, it appears, began to translate this work from the French of Raoul Lefèvre into English in March, 1469, and after

carrying it on through five or six "quayers" or sheets, laid it aside for two years, when he showed it to his "ryght redoughted lady mylady Margarete," who was so pleased with the commencement that she laid upon him her "dredefull comadement" to continue the same to the end, which he "durste in no wyse disobey;" and so the work was never again intermitted, until on the 19th of September, 1471, the whole was submitted to the Duchess in manuscript, when Caxton was handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But the Duchess was not the only person that desired to be furnished with a copy. Whether it was that she set the fashion, or that the work was in reality highly popular, and those who could not read it in French wished to do so in an English translation, or whatever may have been the cause, the demand for it became so great that Caxton resolved to print it. His own words are:—"Therefore I haue practysed and lerned at my grete charge and dispense to ordeyne this said book in prynte, after the maner and forme as ye may here see, and is not wretton with penne and ynke as other bokes ben, to thende that euery man may haue them attonces, for all the bookes of this storye named the recule of the histories of troyes thus enpryntid, as ye here see, were begonne in on day, and also fynysshid in on day." From this statement it has been hitherto generally assumed that Caxton printed the book himself, and from his mentioning Cologne as the place where he finished the translation, it has been concluded that the work was also printed in that city. From the latter conclusion Mr. Blades dissents altogether, and from the former to a very great degree; principally on the following grounds. There is no evidence, it seems, that Caxton's residence at Cologne was of long duration, "as his whole journey from and to Bruges occupied no more than six months." But if he learned to print there at the time mentioned, it must have been either from Ulric Zel, Arnold Therhoernen, P. de Olpe, or J. Koelhoff; those being the only known printers exercising the art there at that time. Ulric Zel is usually fixed upon as his master. But if this were the case, then certainly we should be able to trace some resemblance between his type and Caxton's; but there is none whatever, and the same result follows upon a comparison of Caxton's type with those of the other Cologne printers. They all, in fact, belong to the Mentz school of printing—the style that was taught by Fust and Scheffer's workmen when they dispersed themselves through Germany, France, and Italy; while the type of Caxton is as clearly of the Haarlem school, founded by Laurence Coster, one who, if not absolutely the inventor of printing, must at all events be regarded as a most dangerous rival to Gutenberg in laying claim to that honour. Now there was a disciple of the Haarlem school, already practising the art of printing at Bruges itself, where Caxton had so long resided. His name was Colard Mansion, and the examples of his typography that survive fully satisfy us that they are of the same character as the types of the early books of Caxton. The similarity is in fact of the most striking description, as may be seen from a comparison of the facsimiles given of each in Mr. Blades's volume. And yet it falls short of identity. The execution or workmanship of the Caxton and Mansion books may however be fairly pronounced as identical. Indeed Mr. Blades notices such peculiarities in both as can scarcely be accounted for, except on the supposition that they proceeded from the same workshop. We cannot, of course, dwell upon them here;

* *Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer; with Evidences of his Typographical Connection with Colard Mansion, the printer at Bruges.* Compiled from original sources, by William Blades. Vol. I. (London: Lilly.)

but one thing we may remark as fully established by him, namely, that the Cologne printers of the time were considerably in advance of both the Mansion and Caxton books, in point of execution, and it is an excellent argument of Mr. Blades, that Caxton having begun to learn in a finished school of the art, would scarcely have deserted it for one less perfect, and that consequently he did not learn at Cologne, but rather at Bruges, and from Colard Mansion. With respect to this Bruges printer, Mr. Blades has been fortunate enough to discover some additional facts, of interest to bibliographers; but these also we must pass over, merely expressing our full concurrence in the view taken by our author of the connection between Caxton and Colard Mansion.

Mr. Blades, however, hints, and almost inclines to the belief, that Mansion himself absolutely printed the *Recuyell*, Caxton merely supplying the funds. But this scarcely holds with our first printer's own statement. "I haue practysed and lerned at my grete charge and dispense, to ordeyne this said book in prynte." This, as it appears to us, implies something more than the supplying of funds, and is strongly confirmatory of the generally received opinion that Caxton printed the book himself. With respect to the time of its execution, we have two rather contradictory expressions of opinion on the part of Mr. Blades. Thus, in p. 49 he says, "*The Recuyell* was translated in 1471, and was printed shortly after;" while in p. 60 it is said, "This probably was not accomplished till 1474." Which are we to accept? From the context we presume it is the latter. In the following year, or 1475, according to Mr. Blades—the book itself is without date—appeared the translation by Caxton, entitled the *Book of the Chesse Moralityes*, from the French of Jean de Vignay, "Fynysshid the last day of Marche the yer of lord God a thousand foure honderd and LXXIII." This usually passes for being the first book printed in England, but Mr. Blades furnishes some good reasons for believing that, like its predecessor, it was executed at Bruges. It is the same with the original, or French *Recueil*, the *Fais du Jason*, the *Meditacions*, and the *Quatre Derrenieres Choses*, all of which he contends were printed at Bruges, and by Mansion.

Caxton, however, had now learned the art of printing, and after a residence of nearly thirty-five years abroad, resolved to employ it for the benefit of his countrymen at home, and doubtless also for his private advantage, in a more extensive way than was possible for him at Bruges. The time of his leaving Bruges is conjectured as being early in 1476. He was at all events settled at Westminster in the following year, pursuing his new vocation of printer. The precise spot it is difficult to ascertain. Some have supposed that it was within the Abbey itself, and even in the *Scriptorium*; but it is most probable that the phrase "emprynted by me William Caxton at Westmynstre in thabbay," used by him sometimes in the colophons of his books, should be taken in a wider sense, as meaning the precincts of the Abbey. Indeed, in an advertisement printed by him, he invites people to come and buy certain of his books in the "Almonesye at the reed pale," where they "shal haue them good chepe;" and "the Almonry," says Mr. Blades, "was a space within the Abbey precincts, used for distributing charity to the poor. Here the Lady Margaret, mother of King Henry VII., and one of Caxton's supporters, built almshouses. . . . We must conclude, therefore, that by in the Abbey Caxton meant nothing

more than within the Abbey precincts." Here, then, Caxton printed his first book with a certain date of imprint, namely, "*The dictes or sayngis of the philosophres*, emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXVII." This book was translated out of French into English by Anthony, Earl of Rivers, Caxton's singular good patron, who had the misfortune afterwards to be beheaded by order of Richard III. This book is also supposed by Mr. Blades to have been the first printed in England, unless indeed it was preceded by the *Historie of Jason*, translated from the French by Caxton, but containing no date of imprint. The next volume with a date that issued from his press was the *Moral Proverbs of Crystine*, printed in 1478, which was followed in 1479 by the book called *Cordiale, or the Four last Things*, and in 1480 by *The Mirroure of the World*. Of the other numerous works printed by him we have not space to furnish a complete list. Mr. Blades has classified them under the headings of Religion, Morality, History and Biography, Poetry, Romance, and Miscellaneous. Among them are such works as Boethius, Cicero on *Old Age and Friendship*, the *Knight of the Tower*, the works of Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower, the *Chronicles of England*, *Blanchardine and Eglantyne*, *King Arthur*, *The Four Sons of Aymon*, *The Governayle of Health*, and the *Golden Legend*, &c. The entire produce of his press both in England and abroad amounts to upwards of seventy distinct works, out of which in England alone, the translations done by his own hand amount to more than four thousand five hundred printed pages, and "the total produce of his press, not reckoning the books printed at Bruges, reached to above eighteen thousand pages, nearly all folio size." In translating and printing those several works Caxton spent the last fifteen years of his life, patronized by noble lords, rich citizens, and even royalty himself. Three sovereigns in succession noticed and rewarded his labours—Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. Margaret of Burgundy, Margaret, Duchess of Somerset and mother of Henry VII., Lord Rivers, "Maister" William Daubeney, William, Earl of Arundel, Sir John Fastolf, Hugh Bryce, and William Praat, rich merchants, with numerous unnamed "gentylmen and ladyes" were among his supporters and employers. But there was a reading public even in those days, to which, judging from the number and variety of his works, it is evident that Caxton principally looked for his pecuniary returns. It would be interesting to know what were the publishing prices of some of his books, but this it is impossible now to ascertain further than that they were to be had "good chepe." We should be glad also to know something of his private life, but of this we get scarcely any glimpses. That he was a diligent student and was well versed in at least two languages besides his own, namely, French and Dutch, also that he had some knowledge of Latin, is quite apparent. He was of a religious turn of mind, conservative in his ideas, and extremely fond of moralizing. In the prologues and epilogues to his several works he discourses in a homely, gossiping way, that renders them exceedingly pleasant reading; and Mr. Blades has much enhanced the interest of his work by printing these entire and in their original spelling. He has also reprinted Caxton's continuation of the *Polyconicon* of Higden, containing a narrative of public events from A.D. 1358 to A.D. 1461, some of which Caxton himself witnessed, while of others he was able to speak from certain knowledge. Finally, there is a strong probability that Caxton was never married,

from the absence of any allusion to either wife or child in any of his writings, and from the failure of all researches with respect to such a fact in the parish books and registers. That he still kept up his connection with the Mercers' Company and the Merchant Adventurers is, according to Mr. Blades, exceedingly probable, and our author draws a pleasing picture of a dinner held at the Greyhound, in Westminster, which was tenanted by the Mercers under the Abbots of Westminster, and to which they used to resort during the holding of the wool staple in that city, when "Surely before parting, one of the drinking pledges in remembrance of past associations and services would be 'The health of William Caxton, late Governor of our Fellowship beyond the sea.'" All this, however, is mere conjecture. What is certain is, that Caxton died in 1491, hard upon seventy years of age, but still in mental vigour, since in that very year he undertook the translation of the *Vitas Patrum*, a work afterwards printed by Wynkyn de Worde, who, in his colophon, informs us that it was "translated by William Caxton, of Westmynstre, late deed and fynysshed at the laste day of hys lyff." So lived, and wrote, and worked, our first English printer, upon whose biography Mr. Blades has bestowed such laudable pains. And thus we conclude; not without commending the beautiful and accurate facsimiles with which the present volume has been illustrated by the Messrs. Tupper.

GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.*

MONSIEUR GUIZOT has reached his fourth volume, and has given us one every year with surprising regularity. The present tome carries us in five chapters from October 1832 to February 1836. We trust that the gifted author may be spared to give us the history of the remainder of the reign of Louis Philippe. The work, as far as it has gone, possesses much value and interest for the earnest student of political annals. It is not weighed down by the heavy "dignity of history." The autobiographical form enables the writer to diverge into matters of gossip which throw much light upon the events of the period, and gives a life-like and picturesque force to the confessions of a most distinguished politician. Monsieur Guizot's book will give almost more pleasure in England than in France. There is something much more stable and solid in his mental endowments than is usually found in the French intellect, which is acute, brilliant, rhetorical, and poetical, but is deficient in many of those more sterling qualities which give nerve and vigour to the Anglo-Saxon mind. We find in these *Memoirs* none of the eloquent rhapsody which we must always expect from Lamartine, and little of the brilliancy and feverish excitement which give a luminous beauty to the pages of Louis Blanc. The writer of the *Memoirs*, whose book is now before us, investigates the causes of things in a thoroughly philosophical spirit, with honesty, industry, and calmness, and narrates incidents with more impartiality than is to be found in more attractive writers.

The five chapters in this volume give an account of the author's life as a politician from 1832 to the period when he accepted the English Embassy in 1840. In the four principles which he speaks of as essential and undisputed maxims of European law, we must confess that we cannot discover anything very original

* *Memoirs to Illustrate the History of My Time.* By F. Guizot. Translated by J. W. Cole. Vol. IV. (Bentley.)

or profound. Most reflecting men must know that peace is the normal condition of nations and governments, and that war is an exceptional fact which ought to have a legitimate cause. It is equally obvious that different states are entirely independent of each other, with regard to their internal affairs. And the other two maxims which he so formally enunciates, seem to be merely verbal variations and comments upon those which precede them. That these laws have, in the history of the world, been continually violated, it were easy to discover, even without Monsieur Guizot's aid. It was almost supererogatory to demonstrate that Charles V. of Spain paraded his power in the sixteenth century throughout Europe, to the subversion of the independence of states, or the overthrow of the traditional rights of kings and princes. To dictate to Europe, if not to conquer it, has too often been the dream of Ambition. In the seventeenth century Louis XIV. attempted it, and arrogantly violated the "principles of public justice and of Christianity." The French Revolution, at one time by its popular assemblies, at another by the despotism of Napoleon Bonaparte, made the same attempt and suffered the penalties consequent upon a contemptuous infraction of the principles of humanity, and the teachings of international law. Monsieur Guizot does not sufficiently accept these facts with the true historic mind and endeavour to account for them, he rather sits down and laments querulously that kings and conquerors have not been better than they were. As well sit down and cry lustily for the moon as expect men to be angels, especially when they have been entrusted with the dangerous dower of irresponsible authority, and have ruled over peoples, loyal because ignorant and superstitious, who had no desire, and certainly no power, to check their master's sanguinary expeditions and schemes of unrighteous aggrandisement. He had better have asked with Pope,—

"Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?"

These exceptional ferocities and cruelties of history are not unlike the disturbing causes in nature, and Pope accounts for the moral phenomena, which startle the French annalist, by putting an admirable physical analogy.

"But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No,' 'tis replied, 'the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws;
The exception few; some change since all began,
And what created perfect?' Why then Man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshines, as of Men's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies
As Men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?"

And then follow the four lines which we have previously cited out of their order to present the argument more clearly. It is pedantic and idle to indulge in optimistic disquisitions as to the advantages which might have arisen had the current of human events flowed in a different channel from that in which they shaped their way. Suppose, for instance, Carthage had been victorious in its struggle with Rome; suppose Athens had not lost its supremacy or been weakened by the policy of Philip and the arms of Alexander; suppose the Christian religion had not been persecuted; suppose Prince Henry had not died in the very bloom of promise, but had ruled over this land with a strong arm and a stout heart as a patriot King instead of his weak, insincere, vacillating, and cunning

younger brother Charles I.; suppose a hundred other alterations in the records of nations, and what do we gain? We might as well sit down and blow bubbles as indulge in such empty speculations. Castle-building is sometimes a healthy exercise of the imagination. Such day-dreams as these are the reveries of a mind disordered by morbid excitement, or debilitated by listless inactivity. When Monsieur Guizot regrets that the French Revolution under different phases of its marvellous existence trampled ruthlessly upon the rights of nations and of men, he seems to forget how much good for posterity and for the world at large that very licence and those very excesses have brought about. In history, as in every-day life, we must look at facts. If we wilfully shut our eyes and will not accept these, we may sit in our studies and weave subtle webs of fruitless ratiocination until the crack of doom. We may raise airy and elegant structures, but they have no foundation in truth, and the rough winds of criticism and the storm of public feeling will sweep them away,

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a rack behind."

Monsieur Guizot is most reliable and most agreeable when he is narrating the actual history of France in which he took a part:

"Quaque ipse miserima vidit
Et quorum pars magna fuit."

Of course he appears to be egotistical, but some men have a perfect right to be so; they would not be true to themselves and others if they were not. The want of egotism would be in them a fault, a culpable deficiency. They have lived on the high places, and played parts in the world's great drama. We want their confessions as to what happened in the green-room; we desire them to take us behind the scenes. Hitherto we have only seen them in the stately robe and the grand buskin. A statesman, when his day of work is over, can perform no more useful task than by giving an impartial and picturesque account of his former sayings and doings, and the policy and conduct of his colleagues, his influence upon them, and their influence over him. We do not want a costermonger to be autobiographical unless he be a costermonger of a very peculiar type. Jones, Brown, and Robinson need not be always telling us of the daily incidents of their unintellectual and uninteresting lives, and there is no absolute reason why either Tomkins or Buggins should publish their biographies before death, or bequeath the precious heirloom to posterity; but the case is very different with such men as the late Sir Robert Peel and Monsieur Guizot. They can tell us much that may act as a lesson and a warning; they assist in forming the future historian, and they assist in clearing up some of the difficulties of statecraft and politics, about which so many men have long wrangled and about which some will wrangle even after they are cleared up.

The most interesting parts of this book therefore to the general reader are those which are most personal and gossiping. The fourth chapter, which gives an account of his retirement from the Ministry on the 15th April, 1837, is very attractive. He was for three years without public employment, and this was his longest vacation between 1830 and 1848. "Much," Monsieur Guizot tells us, "has been said of my ambition and the ardour of my struggle to maintain or resume office. I have been represented as a man possessed by a single passion, and obstinate in the pursuit of a single object. These inferior moralists know little of human nature, of the infinite variety of its inclinations, and of the vicissitudes of

the soul in connection with the incidents of life. Ambition has its days; so also has indifference. Great contests animate and please; the resources of mind and character are thereby developed; but there is no power that does not become weary and call for repose." Just at this time he suffered a sad bereavement in the death of his eldest son, a clever and very promising youth, who had "completed all his literary and scientific classes" with unusual success. He was carried off by an attack of pleurisy, aggravated by the fact that the nature of the malady was not discovered for some time after it had attacked him. Monsieur Guizot speaks gratefully of the public sympathy which was at this moment of sorrow and suffering evinced towards him. Public life, with its tumultuous excitement, anxieties, hurry, and clamour, will not keep off private sorrow. Impartial and cruel Death strikes down the beloved one, and many a statesman has felt, in the very hour of political triumph, or amid the huzzas of popular success, the poignant pang of domestic grief, since the days when Cicero wept for his Tullia, to whom he was so tenderly and affectionately attached.

An interesting account is given of his visit to Fontainebleau. He rises to a height of dignified eloquence inspired by all the historical associations of the place. Francis I., Henry II., Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Napoleon, Louis XVIII., have left their impress on its walls. Within two centuries five royal marriages and the splendid fetes which accompanied them took place within that palace. Everywhere are historical reminiscences,

"And more than echoes creep along the walls."

We may say here as Cicero said at Athens, "Quicumque ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigia ponimus." We give one brief extract, which is a favourable specimen of the author's descriptive style:—

"Towards four o'clock on the 4th of June, I beheld that royal family which I had seen at Fontainebleau in all the pomp of a Court, re-enter Paris, surrounded by an entire nation. The King and the Princes were on horseback; the Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Princesses in an open carriage. From the Arch of the Star to the Pavilion of the Clock, the National Guard and the regular troops lined the road. An immense crowd, curious and joyful, filled the Elysian Fields and the garden of the Tuileries. The cortège advanced slowly along these vast alleys of chestnuts and lilacs in flower. The sky was clear, the sun brilliant, and the air balmy. The young Princess raised herself from time to time in her carriage, to obtain a more perfect view of the grandeur and effect of the spectacle, with which she was delighted. Never, perhaps, did so tragical a destiny open with such a flattering dawn."

Monsieur Guizot enters at considerable length, in the fifth chapter, into the Eastern question, since that time the cause of the Crimean war, and still a subject which causes anxiety, if not alarm, to almost every European Power. It was in 1839 that this question was revived, and at that time he was out of office, but supported the Cabinet in the Chambers. He employed his leisure by a very interesting and congenial occupation. Washington, the great founder of the Republic now rent asunder by the earthquake throes of civil war, left at his death two hundred volumes in folio, including his entire correspondence, letters he had received, and copies of all those he had written in the course of his public life. The Congress of the United States bought these valuable documents from his heirs, and lodged them in the National Archives. They were examined and classified by Mr. Jared

Sparks, editor of the *Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States during the War of Independence*. His *Writings and Letters of Washington* appeared at Boston between 1834 and 1837. The American editors, anxious that the history of their great hero and political father should be known in France as well as in America, were so fortunate as to engage the services of Monsieur Guizot to superintend the translation and publication of this work. To Monsieur Guizot it was really a labour of love. His description of the character of Washington is admirably just and appreciating. He speaks of him as "a great man by compulsion, we may say, and against his own choice, who found himself equal to all situations and tasks, without seeking or desiring any; who felt no natural or ardent necessity to undertake the great deeds he was capable of, and has accomplished; and who might have lived on a small proprietor, agriculturist, and unambitious hunter, had not necessity and duty transformed him into the general of an army and the founder of a nation." For the satisfactory manner in which he executed this literary labour he received from five-and-twenty American citizens of distinction a vote of thanks for the ability with which he had performed his task, accompanied by a request that his portrait should be taken, as "a permanent memorial of the profound respect we entertain for your personal character and intellectual trophies, and in particular of the gratitude which all Americans should feel for your liberal agency in exhibiting anew to Europe the true nature of their revolution, and the distinctive pre-eminence of its hero." Mr. Healy, an American artist, painted Monsieur Guizot's portrait, which was placed in the library of the Hall of Congress at Washington; and he received as a present portraits of Washington and of Hamilton, one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent, of the associates of the great founder of the transatlantic Republic. Louis Philippe, who had known Washington personally when he was in America, wrote a letter to Guizot on the 26th December, 1839, expressing a most favourable opinion of Washington, and regretting that he had not had leisure to read Monsieur Guizot's book. The King of the French says of Washington—he was "neither a puritan nor aristocrat, still less was he a democrat. He was essentially a man of order and government, seeking ever to combine and use to the best advantage the often discordant, and always weak elements, with which he had to combat, and to rescue his country from anarchy."

The Eastern question now became the exciting public topic in France and England. Monsieur Guizot appears to have been at that time fully convinced of the inevitable decay and death of the Ottoman Empire, and he endorses that opinion now with steady consistency. A debate took place in the Chamber of Deputies on the subject, July 2, 1839, and Monsieur Guizot addressed the Chamber. His oration, a great part of which he here cites, is full of thought, logic, and good sense; but we can easily imagine that it fell with less effect upon his audience, than one might fancy from its perusal even in a translation which is certainly neither elegant or spirited. He speaks more like a learned professor of history and political economy than like a statesman or orator. He is intensely didactic and a trifle pedantic. The doctrinaire politician peeps out. The theorist is opposed to the man of high practical sagacity, who has studied men as well as books. As a writer, Monsieur Guizot is learned, correct, and elegant; as a man of action he does not rank with the Pitts, the Foxes, and men of that stamp and calibre.

His austerity, his secrecy, his firmness, won the confidence of Louis Philippe, and merited the admiration of the late Sir Robert Peel. Monsieur Guizot is a far more honest man than his king was; but when others come to write the history of the events in which he took so prominent a part, and make use of the very materials which he has in part supplied, we shall see a less favourable estimate than a man cannot help forming of his own actions; and however high a position Monsieur Guizot may take in the opinion of posterity as a "scholar and a gentleman," as a man of high culture, of honour and probity, his knowledge of statecraft will be severely questioned, and his success as practical politician gravely doubted. It does not come within our province to assail or defend his reputation. As a writer we have often read him with profit and pleasure, and candidly expressed our admiration of his intellect and its products.

NIL DARPAN.*

THIS extraordinary work has attracted more attention than its intrinsic merits deserve. It is a manifesto of social and political wrongs; and several questions have been addressed to Sir Charles Wood in the House of Commons on the subject, and the Indian Government has been roundly accused of aiding and abetting its publication. As recently as the Tuesday before the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Gregson, in the House of Commons, moved for a copy of a dispatch from the Secretary of State for India to the Government of India, on the subject of the circulation of this "pamphlet," as it is by mistake called, under the official frank of the Secretariat. Many of our readers have heard of the indigo riots in our East Indian possessions, of the fearful depreciation which this kind of property has suffered, of the tyranny on the side of the employer, and rebellion on the side of the employed. The Introduction by the translator tells us, that, "in simple homely language," this dramatic work "gives the annals of the poor, and pleads the cause of those who are the feeble." It describes a respectable ryot, a peasant proprietor, happy with his family in the enjoyment of his land, till the Indigo System compelled him to take advances, to neglect his own land, to cultivate crops which beggared him, reducing him to the condition of a serf and a vagabond. It attempts to show that irresponsible authority debases the tyrant as much or more than the unhappy wretch who is the tyrant's victim. The magistrates are accused of gross venality, and there are various condemnatory allusions to the Act of last year penally enforcing indigo contracts. Insecurity of landed tenure appears to be the main grievance, which hinders the amelioration of the mental or moral condition of the ryots of Bengal.

The Preface of the author is penned in a far more declamatory and violent spirit than the Introduction, of which, in the above few sentences, we have given the reader an abstract. His language is more bilious and more metaphorical. He writes "to erase the freckle of the stain of selfishness" from the Planter's forehead. By our conduct to the "helpless class of ryots," we have disgraced the "ever memorable names of Sydney, Howard, Hall, and other great men." He laughs with loud derision at our supposed liberality, and tells us that "the Planters' donations to schools are

* Nil Darpan; or, the Indigo-planting Mirror. A Drama. Translated from the Bengali, by a Native. (Calcutta.)

more odious than the application of the shoe for the destruction of a milch cow, and their grants of medicine are like unto mixing the insipidated milk in the cup of poison." The Indian newspapers are roundly reviled for their unfairness and corruption. The terrible precedent of Judas is hurled at their heads. Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, is complimented as "most kind-hearted, the mother of the people." Lord Canning is described as "most learned, intelligent, brave, and open-hearted;" and Mr. Grant, Messrs. Eden, Herschel, and others, are, by a somewhat bold metaphor, depicted as "continually expanding themselves lotus-like on the surface of the lake of the Civil Service."

The literary merit, however, of this eccentric Oriental lucubration is more within our province than the merits or demerits of the social grievance it professes to expose. According to the regular orthodox rule, the play is in five acts. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous, the principal characters being two English indigo planters, J. J. Wood and P. P. Rose. Of the natives we have a larger assortment, and their virtues are as shining as the iniquity of the white men is black. We have a select family group—Goluk Chunder Basu, his wife Sabitri, their two sons, Nobin Madhab and Bindu Madhab, and the wives of these two young gentlemen, who exhibit on all occasions the beauty of virtue when tried by adversity, and the dignity of resolve that triumphs over temptation. The Magistrate introduced is—though the Bengali dramatist does not quote Latin—a

"Monstrum informe, ingens, cui nomen ademptum;"

for he is an anonymous, unjust judge, though possibly a descendant of Jeffries or of Scroggs.

The last scene in the play is the one before this corrupt magistrate; and he is certainly worse than the most stupid turtle-gorged alderman we ever saw dispensing injustice in the city of London; or the most feeble-minded of the "great unpaid" who ever locked up a little boy for breaking a window accidentally, or fined a Dissenter for not going to church, or mulcted a gentleman with a taste for amateur swearing five shillings for an oath. He sits and talks to Wood Sahib, who is plaintiff in the case, writes letters while the defendant's attorney is speaking, and when he is asked to be just, remarks in an outrageously comic manner, "I don't see the reason for that," "There seems no necessity for that." Into the mouth of the attorney for the plaintiff a speech is put, which he is intended to utter seriously, and with a desire that it should be believed; but its tone and language is in reality intensely ironical. He argues that because the Christian religion forbids falsehood, stealing, licentiousness, murder, and similar moral eccentricities, that therefore the indigo planters who are Christians must be free from all these, and that the agents of Christians must be equally free from them, even when they are attorneys. It is in vain that the defendant's attorney endeavours to put the case of his client in a favourable light before the magistrate. The unrighteous "beak" treats him with lofty disdain. From what we can ourselves remember of the stipendiary magistrates during what was called the apprenticeship system in the West Indian Islands, we can believe that this is not so gross a caricature as might be imagined. The magistrates in the West Indies lived among the planters, dined with them, placed themselves under obligations to them; and hence, when the negroes, who are naturally very litigious, and who enjoy the leisure and amusement of lounging away a day in court instead of toiling in

the canefields, came to a magistrate with a complaint against his master, justice was extremely deaf.

The indigo planters are here described as debased by the nature of their avocations. Planter Rose is made to say, "Can our factories remain if we have pity? By nature, we are not bad: our evil disposition has increased by indigo cultivation. Before, we felt sorrow in beating one man; now, we can beat ten persons with the ramkant (leather strap), making them senseless; and immediately after we can, with great laughter, take our dinner or supper." One feature in this strange drama, which is common to all Oriental literature, but which strikes us as very peculiar, is the use of gnomes or proverbs, some of them very quaint and forcible. We select a few:—"A poor man's word bears fruit after many years." "Misery and happiness revolve like a wheel." "The lame ass is sold at the price of the horse." "The Khat is one rogue, and the Crow another." "To a woman of good family, constancy in faithfulness to her husband is, as it were, the loadstone." "The indigo frog can never sit on the waterlily-like constancy of a woman." "Chastity is the store of gold which is given by Providence; it is so valuable that it makes the beggar woman a queen." These are only a few selected here and there.

This composition is certainly one of the curiosities of literature, but to those not immediately interested in the indigo question, it is heavy reading. There are some passages which are refreshingly absurd, and there are others containing poetical beauties of the usual extravagant Oriental kind. As regards the treatment of the subject, of course nothing can be more unfair, because all the natives are demigods and angels, while the two planters are hideous specimens of humanity, and the "worthy magistrate" a monster,

"Nulla virtute redemptum."

The work may not be without its use. Exaggeration weakens a cause; but an exaggerated description is better than no description at all. It will at least call attention to the injustice complained of, and perhaps procure its redress. It is, moreover, a healthy symptom when any body of men can call attention to their wants and sufferings through the medium of their literature. Steadman's *History of Surinam* was a book abounding in rhetorical amplification and high colouring, yet it effected some good by attracting attention to the gross and brutal cruelties of the Dutch planters. There was a tinge of caricature in many pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, although Mrs. Stowe substantiated the greater part of it by the "Key" subsequently published; yet that marvellous book stirred the moral instincts and emotions of millions, and got the horrors and debasing tendencies of slavery before the eye of the civilized world. *Nil Darpan* may in this way have effected, and may still effect, much good. We dare say that the natives are sufficiently lazy, turbulent, and insubordinate, but we know too well what an incarnate demon the white man may become when, uninfluenced by the gentle tenets of Christianity or the softening influences of mental culture, he has to deal with inferior races for purposes of gain and barter. We lay far more stress upon the strong *a priori* probability that those who have irresponsible power will grossly abuse it, than upon the partial evidence that must be given on either side.

LIFE OF MARSHALL HALL.*

AFTER all that has been written on the subject of Biography, what it should aim at, and how it may best fulfil that aim, and after the numerous admirable works in this department of literature which have been produced during the present century, it is truly extraordinary that we should be called upon to notice such a memoir as that contained in the volume before us. If these recollections of Marshall Hall had been intended for private circulation only, they might have answered the purpose with which they were written, and would certainly not have attracted much further attention: but as it is, they are published in a large and costly volume, and, it is plainly supposed, will at once excite and gratify public curiosity as to one of the most eminent scientific men of our generation. So far as this work is to be regarded as the solace of the bereaved widow who compiled it, we have nothing to say about it. But in so far as it assumes to be a biography, a picture of the man, we cannot hesitate to pronounce it most thoroughly unsatisfactory. Before opening the book indeed, it is apparent that, except in special and rare cases, a man's life cannot be properly written by his widow. If we wanted to understand a man's character when living, the last person to whom we should be likely to go would be his wife; why then should we venture to rely upon a posthumous picture, spontaneously tendered, after death has intensified all the sentiments which were the very base of our previous distrust?

Without recurring to the old and oft-answered question, What is Biography, we may at all events consider it settled that an accumulation of facts and dates is no biography, when the dates are unimportant, and the facts enumerated and piled up without any principle of selection or any attempt at sifting. But even this method of life-writing, so long as he who follows it is lucid and chronological, is not wholly without instruction. If the writer before us had pursued even such a makeshift plan as this, we should have found less fault. "I have felt," says she in the preface, "that in depicting the life of one so undoubtedly great in genius, my task would be best fulfilled by very simple narration. . . . I have avoided the introduction of extraneous matter." Who would believe, after this most admirable expression of doctrine, that the volume is literally stuffed with long extracts from letters and memoranda by all sorts of people, most of them utterly unknown to the public, to illustrate the high opinion in which Marshall Hall was held by them? Grateful pupils, recovered patients, and all others who in any way came into contact with him, are laid under contribution to fill up the volume, and bear testimony with wearisome iteration to his "kind and pleasing manner," "his benevolent heart," "his goodness equalling his greatness," and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. Scarcely are we allowed to go a peaceful stage of a dozen pages before we are jolted heavily out of our course by one of these monstrously inappropriate testimonials. How can it possibly interest any living soul to go through all these long-winded eulogies? They are introduced as if the biographer was overtaken periodically with the suspicion that the world was going to blame or sneer at her for her task, and that therefore it was incumbent to show how many persons thought almost as highly of her late husband as she herself did. To our mind, nothing is more absurd than this presentation of credentials.

* *Memoirs of Marshall Hall, M.D., F.R.S., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c.* By his Widow. (Bentley.)

We do not in the least want to know what other people thought about Marshall Hall. Give us a true picture of the man himself, what he said and did, not what others, whose judgment we have no particular reason to rely on, thought about his sayings and doings. We ought to have had more of Dr. Hall's letters. The letters of eminent men, it has been well said, "touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer." Of Marshall Hall's letters there are scarcely any given in these memoirs, and of those that are given, some ought in all delicacy to have been kept private. We have seldom been more astonished, to refrain from any stronger term, than on coming across in the pages of a man's biography long extracts from the letters written to the wife of his bosom, containing those overflowings of tenderness which are commonly supposed to be the sacred possession of her to whom they are addressed. "My feelings, as may be imagined, have caused much hesitation in coming to the decision of publishing these sacred expressions; but believing that I could not otherwise convey any idea of his devoted affection, I have resolved to sacrifice those feelings to a strong sense of my duty as a faithful biographer." We are almost inclined to sacrifice our reputation for moderate language to a sense of duty as faithful reviewers, in characterizing the conduct of those relatives who could permit so indecorous a proceeding.

We make no apology for these strictures. No doubt they may seem to many to be harsh, under the circumstances. It is painful to ourselves to be obliged to make them, but in criticism as elsewhere, *salus populi suprema lex*, and we are persuaded that against nothing do the public at this time need to be more vigilantly protected than against inferior books. We should be sorry to stigmatize these memoirs as worthless, but they come so very near to being so, that we are bound to caution our readers not to expect much profit, instruction, or other enlightenment. In fact, we frankly confess, we have found it one of the most dreary volumes we have ever fallen in with, and this in spite of the highly interesting nature of its subject. For what do we expect to find in the memoirs of a scientific discoverer? First, some sort of account of his birth, death, and manner of "conversation;" secondly, such materials as would allow us to judge so far as might be of his internal character; and thirdly, it would scarcely be complete without a reasonable description of the nature of his discoveries, and a compendious discussion of their value. We look in vain in the pages before us for anything like a self-contained and intelligible account of Marshall Hall's great discovery, that, namely, of the reflex action of the nerves, of the Diastaltic System. We have much invective against his enemies who either denied its worth on the one hand, or its originality on the other; but we have no calm two-sided argumentation. As indeed, how should there be, when the discoverer's own widow is to conduct it?

We have expressed our opinion of the volume before us with sufficient fullness, and we may turn for a few moments from the biography itself to the eminent man who is its subject. Marshall Hall was born in the neighbourhood of Nottingham in the year 1790. As in after years his labours were unceasing, so when a lad he was noted for his industry and perseverance; at fourteen he was able to read and understand Watson's *Chemical Essays*, and the more recondite speculations of Lavoisier. He never enjoyed the advantages of what is commonly termed a classical education, but after being placed for some time with a chemist at

Newark, it was decided that he should embrace the profession of physician, and in 1809 he proceeded to Edinburgh to pursue the requisite studies. His career as a student appears to have been sufficiently distinguished, and his assiduity won most of the prizes in his own department which the University had to bestow. Like nearly all men who have been eminently successful in acquiring university distinctions, Hall's chief characteristics were never-ceasing labour, great self-denial in all pleasures, and strict observance of college routine. "It is a fact, worthy of record," says his biographer, "that, during the whole three years of his studentship, he never once missed a lecture." Every youthful relaxation and amusement was avoided, and "so were other branches of science, unless immediately connected with his profession." It was not difficult to foresee that Marshall Hall would do for science all that could be done by hard work and vigorous intelligence. He was moreover blessed by nature with a strong constitution, which made constant labour possible to him, and always allowed his intelligence uninterrupted play. Of genius, in any high sense, we cannot, in spite of his biographer calling it "undoubtedly great," believe that he had a scintillation; he had, as we have said, a vigorous intelligence; his perception was acute; his faculty of painstaking infinite—all which together frequently simulate an appearance of genius, and are frequently as good or better, but after all are not genius. There was an illustrious student at Edinburgh, long after Hall had left it, who carefully avoided college lectures, who headed all rebellions against constituted authorities, and who never went up for examination; yet, notwithstanding this defiance of routine and priggism, did scarcely less service to science than Hall himself; and Edward Forbes is one whom we would cite as a man of the most sunny and sterling genius, as distinguished from that combination of acuteness and industry which, as we have said, is the next thing to it.

After leaving Edinburgh, in 1814, Marshall Hall travelled for some months on the continent of Europe, visiting the medical schools of Paris, Berlin, Göttingen, and other towns. We are told that he went on foot and alone from the last-mentioned town to Paris, a distance of six hundred miles, in the month of November 1814. On his return to England he commenced practice at Bridgewater, where, however, he only stayed six months, at the end of which he went to reside at Nottingham. His Edinburgh reputation, and his own conduct and skill, soon secured him an extensive practice; and in 1825 he was elected Physician to the General Hospital at Nottingham. His industry was prodigious. He had daily to perform journeys to distant country places; he had to attend to his town-patients; and, at the same time, he found time for constant experimentation, and for the composition of many of his most valuable contributions to the literature of his profession. Here, as in Edinburgh, he never cared for society. "I never knew him," says one of his friends, then living in Nottingham, "I never knew him accept an invitation of pleasure: I believe he never dined from home."

But success in Nottingham, however great, was by no means the complete fulfilment of Marshall Hall's ambition, and he determined to seek something wider than the reputation of a clever provincial physician. Accordingly in 1826 he quitted Nottingham, took up his residence in London, and with his past savings for capital, launched into the sea of metropolitan competition, at the age of five-and-thirty.

Many of his Nottingham patients came to consult him, and their fees supplied him with money for current expenses. He speedily set up a carriage and pair, and during his first year in London he received from his practice £800. Few men probably who have come to London so independent of private connection, have made so large a sum. Sir Henry Hallford, then the Court physician, as well as President of the College of Physicians, said of him, "He is the rising sun of our profession; there is no one to compare with him, and he will become the leading physician in London." For twenty-seven years Marshall Hall continued to practise in London, and with almost uniform success. For a time indeed, when it was known that he was devoting himself extensively to physiological investigation, the receipts of his practice somewhat diminished, but this diminution was only temporary. It says a great deal for Marshall Hall's genuine love of science, that he never for a moment paid any attention to pecuniary profits, when their acquisition in any way seemed likely to interfere with his favourite pursuits. At one period, so eager was he to confirm and enlarge his theory about the Excito-Motor system of Nerves, that, as his biographer assures us, he contemplated giving up his position and prospects in London, and spending some years at Vienna, where he would have enjoyed great facilities for prosecuting his inquiries; and afterwards, in 1849, he entertained the notion of visiting the seat of the Austrian and Hungarian warfare, with the view of observing tetanus in the wounded of those battle-fields. However, none of these intentions were ever carried out, and he continued, in spite of the dislike universally felt by the British public for a practitioner who is also a man of science, to make a very fair income. In 1833, when he had been seven years in London, it reached £2200, and seventeen years later it amounted to £4000. His biographer asserts, that probably no physician ever gave so much gratuitous advice, apart from hospital practice, as did Marshall Hall, and this too not only amongst the poor, but including many of the middle class who could not well afford the fee.

For the benefit of those who are curious about the domestic life of a London physician, we will quote Mrs. Hall's narrative, protesting, by the way, against the unnecessary though significant allusion to Napoleon and Wellington:—

"Although in youth, while pursuing his studies, Marshall Hall was a very early riser, he was not so in after life; indeed, he used jocosely to say, 'early rising does not suit my constitution.' He was not, however, idle in the early morning hours. About seven o'clock a cup of coffee was brought to him, after which he wrote or read for an hour or more before rising. After a second cup of coffee and the slightest of breakfasts, he received patients at home from half-past nine till half-past twelve o'clock. He then took a luncheon of coffee, with abundance of milk and cream, eating some bread-and-butter only. During many years after our marriage he ate a meat luncheon, but afterwards returned to his former spare meal; latterly he left off even the bread-and-butter, and took nothing but coffee. About half-past twelve or one o'clock he commenced his round of visits to patients, and the interval between each was occupied by writing or reading in his carriage. His dinner generally consisted of roast mutton and a rice pudding, with bitter beer, and only one glass of port in the form of negus after dinner. Of this simple meal he partook with an almost invariable appetite, though very sparingly, for he was an extremely small eater. . . . Sometimes a short nap succeeded to this moderate and wholesome repast; and he possessed the faculty attributed to Napoleon and Wellington, of falling asleep at convenient spare moments, and waking, when requi-

site, renovated and ready for fresh exertions. During the long period when he was pursuing his experiments, aided by Mr. Henry Smith, if the latter did not dine with us, which he frequently did, seven o'clock was the hour for his arrival. While the clock was yet striking, Mr. Smith's peculiar rap at the door was heard. Such was his punctuality, that if three minutes had passed beyond the hour, we used to say, 'Mr. Smith is sure not to come now.' After a short conversation on the topics of the day, they prepared for their evening's work, my husband's words, as I left the room, being, 'Let us have tea soon.' Accordingly cups of tea were speedily sent in to them, and the refreshing beverage doubtless sped the work.

"During and after the experiments, he wrote a detailed account of them. I believe he never delayed this even till the next morning. Hence the extraordinary accuracy of his works. His usual hour for retiring to rest was about eleven, or rather later. He generally slept well, but if not, he occupied himself in reading and writing in bed; for books, papers, and writing materials were always by his side night and day."

As Dr. Arnold wrote the *History of Rome* in his drawing-room with all his children playing about him, so Marshall Hall wrote some of his profoundest compositions in the midst of the domestic circle, conversation never disturbing him, provided he were not required to take part in it. "He used to say, that he wrote best when there was music in the room." His works were principally written, we are told, in his carriage as he was driving from one patient to another. As we have already said, his immense activity was no doubt the secret of Marshall Hall's success; his mind seemed never to have been at rest. Even in his annual tours abroad he never forgot his work, and if the road happened to be monotonous, he would occupy himself as he drove along in writing on the Spinal System, or on some object of the journey.

The strong health which Dr. Hall enjoyed for so many years did not show any symptoms of failing for a considerable time after his commencing practice in London; and it was not until 1853 that he felt called upon to give his faculties that repose which he had hitherto so ruthlessly denied. On the 12th of February in that year, having made arrangements with Dr. Reynolds to attend his patients, Dr. Hall set sail for New York. We have not space, nor indeed would it be very interesting, to accompany his biographer into all the details of this American trip. Suffice it to say, that the reception of the English *savant* was throughout the States as warm and hearty as his most ardent admirers could have wished. At nearly all the towns which they visited, Dr. Hall was eagerly pressed to allow a public banquet to be given in his honour—a token of admiration which he generally got commuted into a soirée, where he delivered a lecture on the Spinal System, or some other favourite topic. The stay in America was prolonged nearly a year and a half, and in 1854 Dr. Hall and his wife returned to England. But here, as under all other circumstances, it was impossible for his mind to move indolently or passively amongst the various surrounding phenomena, and he was so struck with the extraordinary evils of slavery, and its singularly unnatural character, that he betook himself to print, and published a small volume on the subject, entitled, *The Twofold Slavery of the United States*. This opuscle, from which a portion is republished in the *Memoirs*, is characterized by a soundness of judgment and an acuteness of perception not often brought to bear upon social and economical questions by those whose studies have principally lain in the field of natural science. Marshall Hall entertained the strongest horror of slavery, and had a rational con-

viction of the shameful degradation in which such a system retains a large portion of the human race. Whilst on the one hand he avoided the gross doctrine that because slaves are in the main well-fed, comfortably lodged, and not badly treated, because in short they seem materially prosperous, therefore slavery is no great evil; so on the other he did not so far ignore either the interests of the slave-owners or the real welfare of the slaves themselves, as to advocate an immediate, universal, and unconditional emancipation. He also saw most clearly that emancipation would have to be effected, "not by any effort of the North, but by a noble and generous movement in the South." How far we may depend upon the latter is uncertain; that we can base no hopes on the former is certain enough. Dr. Hall was anxious for self-emancipation; let arrangements be made, he said, for the education and elevation of the slave; let the same thing be permitted, nay, accomplished for him, as is accomplished for the *peasantry* elsewhere; instead of his daily task, let him have task-work appointed him, and after that let him have the privilege of overwork; and finally, a fair minimum value having been put upon him, let him earn that sum, or, at all events, something as near that as might be, some Aid Society granting the remainder. Slavery made a deep impression upon Marshall Hall's mind; he seems, indeed, after once becoming familiar with it, never to have forgotten it. He probably was scarcely able to recognize the manifold complexities of the question, when viewed in all its bearings, but this was a pardonable error in a man who had not seen enough of social science to know in how many material points its phenomena were far from being amenable to treatment such as would have been proper and certain enough in the domain of physiological phenomena. It was not a little honourable to his breadth of mind, his philanthropy, and his powers of observation, that he was attracted to the consideration of such a gigantic social malady.

With the exception of a short continental tour, and some investigations into the remedies for drowning—investigations of supreme practical importance—the remainder of Marshall Hall's life was uneventful. We get some notion of the activity of his mind, when we learn that during this continental tour, whilst staying at Rome, he applied himself at the age of sixty-five to the study of Hebrew with as much zeal as if he had been a young man preparing for examination. On his return to England, the symptoms of the curious laryngeal disorder, which had harassed him more or less for fifteen years, acquired an aggravated strength, and in August, 1857, he died at Brighton. Considerable uncertainty seems to have hung over the precise nature of the malady which eventually carried him off; Dr. Hall himself was so perplexed by it, that he left direction for the performance of a *post mortem* examination.

This is not the place for any investigation into Marshall Hall's physiological discoveries. Like all who follow medical science in this country, he was the subject of continued assault, and whilst many would be inclined to regard him as one of our profoundest physiologists, others unscrupulously stigmatize him as a charlatan, who borrowed from Unzer, Prochaska, or elsewhere, the theories which he broached as original. If we consider for a moment how uncommonly easy it is to bring such charges, and how many motives conspire to raise them in a profession which, we are sorry to say, is and ever has been notorious for its squabbling, factiousness, and jealousy,

we shall probably be inclined to side with those who believe Marshall Hall to have been a philanthropic and truthful man, and a diligent and successful physiologist. Although he never found great favour with our own Royal Society, and although, as a writer in the *Lancet* remarked, even the Humane Society ventured to snub him, we must remember that his theories were endorsed by such eminent men as Müller and Louis and Flourens, and that he was elected a corresponding member of the French Institute almost without a dissenting vote. In conclusion, we may note that Marshall Hall—in this respect differing from many of our other most illustrious physiologists—was a fervent Christian.

PICTURES OF OLD ENGLAND.*

"THERE is a kind of physiognomy," said Butler, "in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." The use of red and black print upon Dr. Pauli's title-page is eminently antique, but the type belies the antiquity, and the pictures which it promises prove not to be photographs.

With all due deference to Herr E. C. Otté, who, in his puff preliminary, speaks of the "good old times in the days of the Plantagenets," we have no sympathy with that sentimental and morbid phase of mind to which

"Past and to come seem best; things present, worst."

We are thankful that our lot is cast in the nineteenth century rather than in the Middle Ages—the subject of the volume by Dr. Pauli, which is now before us. But, with Edmund Burke, we feel that "no people who do not often look back to their ancestors can look forward to posterity," and we are therefore glad to welcome any contribution which will render that antiquity clearer and brighter to our view, and to learn the impressions formed of it by intelligent foreigners.

On first opening Dr. Pauli's volume we hoped to have said none but kind words of it; on second thoughts, upon a more close inspection of its contents, we found the amusement which the perusal of the work is calculated to afford unfortunately disfigured by so many inaccuracies, that we could not pass a fair judgment upon it without pointing out, at the same time, both the inadvertencies and positive errors with which it abounds, and the original research and curious reading which Dr. Pauli has brought to bear upon the various subjects which he undertakes to illustrate. As the wit said of one of Reynolds's pictures which had become very faint, "he goes off with flying colours." Kimmeridge coal money consists of fragments thrown off by a lapidary's wheel; Dr. Pauli's pictures are stray materials which were not available for use in his *History of England*. They are intended for Germans, and as meagre, sketchy outlines, may suffice his countrymen, but they are valueless to any educated Englishmen, although agreeably written, for, as the Spaniards used to say, there is no Saturday without sunshine. It would be easy to quote many passages so vague, verbose, and misty as to be almost incomprehensible, and of which the study necessary to the clear understanding of them would be wholly thrown away. Those readers who do not consult original authorities may find much interest in these pages, but those who are conversant with

the ground they traverse will, we fear, deny them to be worthy of the author of the *Life of Alfred*, or the continuator of Lappenberg.

Dr. Pauli in twelve chapters describes "Canterbury and the Worship of St. Thomas Becket;" "Monks and Mendicant Friars;" "Parliament in the Fourteenth Century;" "England's Earliest Relations to Austria and Prussia;" "the Emperor Louis IV. and King Edward III.;" "the Hanseatic Steelyard in London;" "Gower and Chaucer;" "John Wicliffe;" "King Henry V. and King Sigismund;" "the Maid of Orleans;" "Duke Humphrey of Gloucester;" and "London in the Middle Ages." At a glance at his authorities, drawn up by himself, we find him quoting himself and German writers freely, while he does not so much as allude to Dean Milman's masterly biography of Becket, or the biography by Mr. Morris; to the *Monasticon Anglicanum* or the works of Twysden, Gale, and Warton; to the volumes of Tyler, Warton, Hallam, Palgrave, Barnes, Todd, H. Nicolas, Mr. May, and Lord Brougham, or other works equally well known in this country and indispensable to a just conclusion on the numerous topics touched upon in his pleasant and well-written pages. He is a German to the backbone, and every point is viewed through German spectacles.

It may be considered hypercritical to object that Bede did not write at "Yarrow;" that Canterbury Cathedral has neither "pointed towers" nor "a double choir elevated above the rest of the building;" that "the plan of the building as we now see it, and the commencement of its execution, are due to the great Archbishop Stephen Langton;" or that "the only authenticated remains of St. Augustine's Abbey," in the same city, "is (*sic*) a noble gateway belonging to the fifteenth century;" but we must demur to such statements as the following, being either geographically or historically false,—"Ebbe's fleet is not far from those memorable spots associated with the landing of Julius Caesar, of the heroic brothers Hengist and Horsa, and of William, Duke of Normandy," &c.; and "Canterbury is also the most ancient site of Catholic Christianity in England, the mother seat of her church and her civilization." Dr. Pauli may believe if he will in the existence of Hengist and Horsa, or that Caesar landed at Dover, Professor Airy's disproof notwithstanding; but we really cannot at his pleasure deny that there was an ancient British Church; that its bishops sat at Sardica and Rimini; that its monasteries were founded by St. German; that it possessed schools like those of St. Ildad and Bangor, writers like Gildas and Fastidius, or actual founders of sees at Dole, St. Brice, and St. Malo. We know that there were sees at Caerleon, Llanbadarn Vawr, London, and York, long before the landing of Augustine; and his arrogance and threats at the famous "oak" displayed to the old British bishops surely cannot be forgotten by Dr. Pauli. For better information on the old Cathedral of Canterbury we must refer him to Professor Willis. He expends pages upon the most trivial circumstances connected with Canterbury (which are as well, and more concisely, given in a local guide-book), and the "worship of Thomas à Becket," and yet fails to see that which should have formed the material point of the chapter, for without it it is now worthless—the reason of that popular and enduring reverence, which simply consisted in the fact that the Archbishop was an Englishman by birth, that he sprang from the lower class, and died for the Church, and so conciliated both priests and people. It is not a commonly received fact,

* *Pictures of Old England*. By Dr. Pauli. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

we must assure Dr. Pauli, that "Ich dien" is German. It was probably a personal motto adopted like that of the Humble and Reverent of Elizabeth of York. We are unable to attach greater faith to Dr. Pauli's statements when he boldly says that "about 1132 a man of noble birth, named William Espee, liberally founded the first Cistercian monastery at Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, which was soon followed by others, . . . Waverley, Coggeshall, &c.;" for, unfortunately for his chronology, the annals of Waverley mention that in 1128 that abbey was founded in November by Bishop Giffard, and the Peterborough Chronicle informs us that in that year the Cistercians first came to England. "The leading idea that regulated their choice of locality," the Doctor says, "appears to have been influenced not so much by a taste for romantic solitude, such as was evinced in the first Benedictines' house, as by the desire to secure pasture and arable land." The fact is, that the Cistercians were glad enough to find a site even under the yews in Skelldale, provided that it came within their primary rule that no abbey should be built except in places separated from the concourse and habitation of men; these monks were simply Puritan farmers, and subsisted upon the sale of their wool. The amusing fact remains, that while he delights in portraying "fat and portly" monks, he never alludes to the Cluniac order, the most luxurious of them all. What an "Augustine monk" or an "abbey of Hospitaliers of St. John" denotes, we are at a loss to imagine. The commonest acquaintance with their rule or architecture would have saved him from the absurdity of talking of "magnificent Cistercian abbeys." The Benedictines had seldom any choice in the matter of site; they took what they were offered, and made the best of it, as in their fine abbeys built in the Fens or in the Thorny Island of Westminster; but with very few exceptions, their monasteries were built in the largest cities and towns. An accidental circumstance occasionally, as at St. Alban's, Battle, Durham, and other places, determined the site of the future buildings. Dr. Pauli utterly ignores this evident fact, for he says, without a shadow of reason, that "the servants of the Church had almost wholly neglected the lowest grades of the city populations. The monasteries benefited the country people, while the cathedral stalls and the town livings were occupied almost as hereditary appanages by the secular clergy." The English Cathedrals were evenly divided between the monks and the secular canons; and at the Reformation, when new Cathedrals were constituted, they were, without exception, monastic churches, and all situated in considerable towns. The number of parish churches at Norwich, Lincoln, York, Winchester, London, Exeter, and other towns, out of all proportion to the population, are incontestable proofs that Dr. Pauli has fallen into a gross misstatement. As regards the cellarer, Dr. Pauli, in order to be amusing and lively, gives a most imperfect view of his duties, which he defines to consist in taking care of "the bread, beer, and wine." Martene would have given him a more clear account of the office of this important personage in a monastery, who superintended the farm produce, provided the entire commissariat, took charge of the guests and table furniture, and visited daily the infirmary. Brakelond calls him "the second father of the monastery;" the chronicle of Evesham states that he had "charge of the entire abbey;" and the Cistercian statutes call him "pater congregationis qui curam gerit de omnibus." Another inexcusable mistake is his mentioning the

"secretary" and the "sacristan" as two distinct officers, "joining the secretary and the chamberlain in one common charge and domestic arrangements of the household;" the chamberlain purchased wearing apparel, the furniture of the dormitory, and the tools of the labourers, while the secretarius and sacrista were one and the same person.

We are content to agree with Dr. Pauli that the monastic life was founded on intense selfishness, for there is nothing novel or very ingenious in the statement, but we cannot believe, in spite of many flagrant instances of avarice of abbots and corruption of monks, that the monasteries in general deserved his sweeping and most intemperate denunciations. He could never have read the precautions taken with regard to the Sanctuary of Westminster, or have remembered instances like that of Queen Margaret or Queen Elizabeth Woodville finding an asylum in such refuges, when he dogmatically and broadly asserts that such places became abused to the means of affording the ordinary criminal, illegal and even treasonable protection. We believe the right of sanctuary, if sometimes abused, to have been one of the most merciful concessions in times of lawless oppression and unconstitutional tyranny.

It is perfectly true that the Franciscans at their first coming to England, owing to their determination to settle in the towns where the available sites were already occupied, built "barrack-like houses, with the same small, unsightly chapels;" but Dr. Pauli leaves a most one-sided and erroneous impression of their dearth of books, when he omits to cite the fact from the single volume which he quotes in the matter, that the library in the Grey Friars, London, was one of the very largest buildings of the kind in England, while their grand churches were the constant theme of reproach by the Wickliffites. In speaking of the Dominicans, he describes their convent in London both as a "priory and an abbey;" it is almost superfluous to observe that the Black Friars, like the Franciscans, had neither abbot nor abbey. We cordially agree, however, with him in his estimate of the mendicant orders, and the intelligent distinction which he draws between the characteristics of the Benedictine and Cistercian chronicles. But what are we to think of his assertion that "the Dominicans lived at one period in a manner so much at variance with the rules of their Order, that the King and Parliament were accustomed to hold their meetings in their conventual house"? He ought to have known that for their own convenience, or impelled by necessity, parliaments, at different times, were held in various cathedral and monastic churches; and when kings punished the monks, friars, or clergy, it was for their reluctance to replenish the royal purse, or by insisting upon their affording them a ruinous hospitality. His description of the University of Oxford in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is full of blunders and misapprehension, to remove which would require more space than lies at our disposal. He does not so much as hint, in his depreciatory view of monachism, at the academical establishments formed by the various Orders in the Universities, as those of Croyland at Cambridge, of Durham, Oseney, Worcester, Gloucester, Winchcombe, and Westminster at Oxford. His treatment of the subject of the English Parliament is of the most shallow character, barely accurate, and very feebly conceived.

As regards Gower, Dr. Pauli is perpetually at fault. He says that it is highly probable that his "ancestors were among the ranks of the Norman conquerors," and that "he was

probably born between the years 1320 and 1330." The tradition is, according to Mr. Todd, a most reliable authority, that Gower was descended from an ancient family, seated at Sittenham, Yorkshire, before the Conquest; and he must have been born before 1326 at the latest; and all our antiquaries agree that the family of Gower is one of the oldest in the county of York, and of Anglo-Saxon origin. His monument is not in "St. John's Chapel," but in the south transept of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. "The chain and badge sculptured on his monument," whimsically called by Dr. Pauli those of "the Silver Swan," are simply a purple and gold band, with fillets of roses, inscribed "Merci Jhu," and encircling the head of the effigy; or perhaps our author means the collar of SS about the neck, the mark of an esquire created by patent. There is no reason for stating that "it is probable that the *Speculum Meditantis* is typified in one of the three volumes on his monument;" for the three gilded volumes which support the head bear the names of that work, the *Vox Clamantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*. Dr. Pauli says, "French, considering his birth and descent, must have seemed as natural and familiar to him as English." We have already disposed of his French descent, and need only quote his own words to disprove the other allegation:—

"Et si ieo vrai de François la faconde,
Pardonetz moi qe ieo de ceo forsvole,
Ieo sui Englois."

Gower was a member of the Middle Temple, though Dr. Pauli says there is no evidence that he was a lawyer at all. As regards his trying for years together to write Latin verse, Dr. Pauli does not perceive the fact that he was writing for the educated classes, and that Latin predominated in the writings of the entire fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, and before the Wars of the Roses very many Latin poems were addressed to the nobility in general. Laurence Minot, about the year 1352, was the first writer of a political or popular song in English; and fifty years later Chaucer said, "Let us show our fantasies in such words as we learneded of our dames tonge."

Dr. Pauli attributes Gower's defection from Richard II. to his impression that the King's vacillating rule promoted Lollardism and the emancipation of the lower classes. Our author evidently is not acquainted with the *Tripartite Chronicle* or the political songs of the poet, or he would have found Gower there saying that Richard II.'s government did "opus Inferni," and attributing his own disgust and embittered feelings, and the popular insurrections of the period, to the pride and tyranny of the Court, the destruction of the nobles, the corruption of the age, the vices of different orders of society, and the insupportable burden of taxes. Every sentence in these writings proves how completely Dr. Pauli misread this writer's character; and the Duke of Sutherland would hardly thank him for omitting all mention of his claim of kinship with the moral Gower. That the marriage of the poet with Agnes Youndolf was solemnized on January 25, 1397, it is impossible to credit, for the bishop of the diocese, as we know by his register, only signed the license on that day at High Clere, in Hants!

Dr. Pauli informs us that a schoolmaster said that he had entirely ceased, as early as the year 1385, to employ French in teaching the Latin grammar to his boys; whereas the information is given us by Trevisa, vicar of Berkeley, in his translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*; and in the Arundel Collection is a manuscript exemplifying the dialect of Kent in 1340; and

several tracts in northern English of the same period occur in the Harleian Manuscripts, while Sir John Mandeville wrote his travels in English, between 1356 and 1371.

"Chaucer," he says, "was born in the year 1328, and belonged to a knightly family, which was probably settled in Kent." Wright and Sir H. Nicolas assert that he was born "somewhere about that year, his family being apparently citizens of London." "Their names and arms point to a noble Norman origin," Dr. Pauli adds. Until he gives his authority we must simply deny the assertion; like our author's imaginary Italian route which he has marked out for the poet, it is founded on mere supposition, totally unsupported by any known evidence. Chaucer, a corruption of a Latin word, means "a hosier." If Dr. Pauli had substituted Dante for Petrarch when he speaks of Chaucer's familiarity with Italian poetry, he might have quoted the *Canterbury Tales* as an incontestable proof. Chaucer went to Flanders in 1377, not in 1376, and in 1379 he appears to have been on foreign service, while Dr. Pauli kindly leaves him for several years quietly at home. He was chosen Knight of the Shire for Kent in 1386, not in 1396; and it was just a hundred and fifty, not fifty years after his death, that N. Brigham erected his tomb in Westminster Abbey. We cannot admit that Chaucer took the hint for his *Canterbury Tales* from the *Decameron*, but apprehend that there is better ground for the belief that he derived it from the popular *Disciplina Clericalis* of Alfonsi, or the equally widely-spread romance of the *Seven Sages*.

We now come to Wicliffe, of whom Dr. Pauli says, "He was sent to the University of Oxford; but, unfortunately, neither the year of his arrival there, nor the college of which he became a member, can be fixed with certainty. . . . In the year 1556 he was a Fellow of Merton College, . . . at which Duns Scotus and W. Occam had studied, while latterly it had numbered amongst its alumni T. Bradwardine." Bradwardine and Occam were contemporaries, as Lord Brougham would have informed him. Contrast this weak and incorrect passage with the precision of Mr. Shirley, who states, after a most careful search, that there is no evidence to connect Wicliffe with Merton College; and shows that he was born at Hipswell, near Richmond, but was of the Wycliff family. Dr. Pauli says, "It is supposed he was born in the village of Wiclif." Had Dr. Pauli consulted Lewis's work, reprinted by the University of Oxford in 1820, he would have done well, for from it Dr. Vaughan, whom Dr. Pauli quotes, derived nearly all his information; and if he had turned to the masterly volumes of Hubert, he would not have fallen into the egregious blunder of talking of *Boreales* and *Orientalis* as the rival factions in the University. He repeats the exploded assertion, that Wicliffe was Master of Canterbury Hall; and it is only half the truth to say that Balliol College, of which he was Master (correctly speaking, he was only Custos or Procurator), was founded by a noble lady. It is clear, by the Patent Rolls, that Edward III., whose chaplain he was, presented him to Lutterworth in 1374, and to his stall at Westbury in 1375, not in 1373 as Dr. Pauli states. As regards Ludgarshall, he was not presented to that living in 1373, but in 1368.

With regard to Joan d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, Dr. Pauli hazards the suggestion that the "immediate ancestors of her parents had probably been bound to the soil as villeins." M. Viriville however declares them to have been natives of two other villages of Cham-

pagne, and the patent of Charles VII. says they "peut-être même étoient d'autre condition que de condition libre."

We had a right to expect from him an inquiry into the truth of the story, that Joan d'Arc after all escaped and became a mother of children. The researches of M. Viriville, M. Martin's History of France, and her Memoir in M. Petitot's collection could have supplied him with abundant material. Dr. Pauli says "the sight of the rack with its instruments of torture had failed to move her;" the old historian says nothing of the kind, this is what he does say: "A peine fut-elle rétablie qu'on la menaça de la question. Elle répondit que si les tourmens lui faisoient dire le contraire de ce qu'elle avoit déposé, elle le démentiroit en sortant de la gêne." He omits all the interesting incidents of her last days, her frequent removal from prison to prison, the sermon of Erard in the churchyard of St. Ouen, the funeral car escorted by eight hundred English soldiers, the interview with the penitent L'Oyseleur, her words when the torch was applied to the pile. He describes her as "clad in a long white garment, and loaded with chains;" the old writer says simply that she had resumed her woman's dress; the mitre of the heretic was set upon her head at the stake. He has not the penetration to say more than this—"the English could never again check the progress of the work which she had accomplished;" he fails to see that had she escaped, or been acquitted, the romance of her life would have terminated; for the Englishman, as he returned from the place of execution, expressed the real fact, "We are all lost, for a saint has been burned." The moral effect of that judicial murder was the estrangement of Frenchmen from England, and the restoration of the nationality of France. Like Samson, the dead which she slew at her death were more than they which she slew in her life.

The description of London in the Middle Ages is very far indeed from being satisfactory. Some mention should have been made of the state of London at the period of the Domesday survey. London was then confined within its walls, Westminster had no existence as a town, and Stepney, with its several dependencies, formed the most populous portion of the county out of the city, the houses of which were mostly in the east and north-east portion. There was no royal residence in the county, for until London became the emporium of an extensive commerce it was not dignified by a palace. In 1299 Dr. Pauli ought to have told us, when speaking of Parliament, that it was held in the house of the Lord Mayor when Edward I. confirmed the great Charter. Dr. Pauli cannot even quote correctly: he cites Fitz-Stephen as his authority for saying that the great schools of London in his time were those of St. Paul's, Westminster, and Bermondsey; whereas that writer distinctly mentions them as the schools of St. Paul's, Holy Trinity Church, and St. Martin's. His archaeology is full of mis-statements, such as "next to the Cloisters (of St. Paul's) stood a noble Gothic building, used as a Chapter-house." The peculiarity of this Chapter-house was that it stood in the centre of the cloister. When he instances St. Olave's Church and Tooley Street as very remarkable memorials of the conversions of the Scandinavians upon English soil, he forgets to add the churches of St. Magnus and St. Clement Dances. The modern theory that the latter built as many churches as the Saxons would not be palpable to him. Dr. Pauli does not know that St. Margaret's church, Westminster, was founded by Edward the Confessor; and then he states that the

Abbey was especially the burial-place of the Plantagenets, forgetting that Henry II., Richard, John, and Edward II. were all interred in other churches. He charges the English with drunkenness in the fifteenth century, when *Liber Albus* was compiled, although its editor calls attention to the fact that there is no allusion to that vice throughout its pages. It is a mistake as inexcusable as that of describing a pent-house as a frame for exhibiting goods, thus confounding the stall with the elevated shed which protected the wares. The map, purporting to represent London in the fifteenth century, is a bad copy of that by Aggas in the sixteenth century; the ground-plans of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are marvellous creations of fancy, and we need not add, *original Germanesque*. He would have done well to remind his readers of the indications of a Roman theatre presented in the conformation of the ground between Newgate and the Fleet river, the bank of which was artificially excavated for the purpose; and better had he omitted the mythic account of a temple of Diana on the site of St. Paul's, which every archaeologist of note has long since repudiated: though graves were discovered there, and he should have remembered that the Roman cemetery was extramural.

He omits, under the head of water supply, to mention the chief civic conduit at Baynard's watering, the origin of the name of Bayswater. The Pie-powder Court is ridiculously said to be one "in which the complainant and the accused were supposed not to have shaken the dust from off their feet!" He should have alluded to the fact, that the different crafts were distinguished by a difference in dress, a very significant custom when guilds and brotherhoods fomented the widely-spread spirit of disunion which pervaded all classes. We should also have preferred to think that, instead of London cries, the German reader might have heard of the pretty mediæval practice of the country-folk bringing into London carts full of field-flowers and green boughs from Bishopswood on Midsummer Eve.

The shallow article on Parliament, based on a scanty record of the mode of holding it in the time of Edward I., deserves no special attention at our hands. But we are inclined to think the paper on Duke Humphrey the best in the entire volume; and even in this he makes no mention of his capture of Lisieux, or such a well-known saying as "to dine with Duke Humphrey," to which he might have pointed in order to show that the real burial-place of the once popular "Good Duke" was forgotten or unknown. His patronage of the eminent Pecoche is not even alluded to. He estimates the library given to Oxford by the "Duke," in 1443, at a hundred and thirty-five volumes, and laments that no catalogue has been preserved. The collection embraced six hundred volumes, of which only a hundred and twenty were valued at more than one thousand pounds. Among them was a French translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; one specimen was spared by the Royal Commissioners of Edward VI., a beautiful MS. of Valerius Maximus; many others remain in various collections. The library was opened in 1480, and was probably formed out of the spoils of the royal collection at Paris, which was sent over to England by the Duke of Bedford in 1425.

The Steelyard, the origin of which is unknown to Dr. Pauli, derives its name from the King's beam, established for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London; he very adroitly passes over the fact, which he must have known, as he quotes the book in which it is mentioned, that in 1298 the Hanse mer-

chants, who had their factory on this site, were accused of committing fraud on the Customs, and countenancing base coin; their extraordinary privileges as regards Bishopsgate, to which he directs attention, were simply exemption from the customary payments, because they were charged with its repairs and guard. The Danish merchants enjoyed greater privileges than either "Emperors' men" or Hanse merchant-traders. Dr. Pauli is also at conflict with his own authority upon the nature of the imports by these merchants; boards, herrings, cheeses, horses, wood, and corn, are mentioned by Carpenter, and omitted by the Doctor.

There are three chapters which, if Dr. Pauli had given sufficient amplification to them, would have induced us to give his volume a very different estimate; but they are so fragmentary as only to be just suggestive of a portion of our history little known or considered—that of our early relations with Germany, Austria, and Prussia; and he clearly intends to enlist our sympathies by hinting at mutual interests and recalling early and close connection. Still he plods along even here without explaining causes. We are left to discover for ourselves the claim of Richard, King of the Romans, at that time, and then only, Duke of Cornwall, upon the electors, although it might have been briefly stated. The Empress Maud, daughter of our Henry I., married Henry the Lion, and so linked the Plantagenets with the Hohenstauffens, the patrons of trade, and opened the markets of Flanders, Saxony, Holland, and Cologne to English merchants; so that when the dynasty of the Hohenstauffens failed, Richard appeared to be the candidate least likely to offend the jealousies of rival factions. The connection between England and Austria was maintained by the marriage of Frederic II. and Isabella, sister of Henry III.; and Edward I. not only favoured Rudolph of Hapsburg, but betrothed his daughter Joan to the heir-apparent to the throne of the Empire, the indolent, dilatory Prince Hartmann, who died before the marriage could be celebrated. On the death of Rudolph, the Bavarian line having few ties of affinity kept up merely a communication on state affairs, not until, as Dr. Pauli reminds us, the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip II., but till that of Katharine of Arragon, the niece of Charles V.

In 1337, Edward III., in order to secure an ally against France, and to increase his revenue by a monopoly of wool, made a league with the Emperor Louis IV., who agreed to furnish him with mercenary troops, known as Hainauters, for the French wars, and to receive a subsidy. Edward visited Louis, and was made Vicar of all the territory upon the left bank of the Rhine—an unprecedented office to be held by an English King, and which he gladly laid down in 1339, after having with difficulty raised an allied army. The visit is agreeably related by Dr. Pauli, and forms the most interesting portion of the work. One item among the heavy disbursements to the German princes is a donation of £67, equal (as Dr. Pauli states, upon a calculation for which he gives no data) to £1000 sterling, which Edward gave towards the building of Cologne Cathedral. We must remind our author, however, that, "if we are to believe the annals of the times, artillery were" not "first used at the Battle of Cressy." The visit of the Emperor Sigismund to Henry V. is also given in detail; but Dr. Pauli has never heard of the graceful compliment paid to his host by that friendly monarch, or his excellent advice recommending him to maintain the command of the Channel, accompanied with a playful but expressive

gesture, which implied that Dover and Calais were the eyes of England; nor of a pretty incident related by Capgrave: the Emperor, on his way to Dover, desired his servants to throw down the following complimentary verses by the roadside and in the streets, which remind us of Pope Gregory's older pun:—

"Vale et gaude, gloriosa cum triumpho!
O tu felix Anglia, et benedicta!
Quia quasi angelicâ naturâ gloriosa
Laude Jhesum adorans, es jure dicta."

The conference of the King with the Duke of Burgundy, in September, at Calais, Dr. Pauli wholly omits. Statements also occur, which, if not positively incorrect, are exceedingly obscure and calculated to mislead; for instance—"Negotiations were pending with the Archbishop Rheinald, of Rheims, who had probably been sent to England as the Ambassador of Charles VI., at the suggestion of Sigismund." Lord Brougham writes clearly and accurately: "Having offered his mediation while at Paris, an embassy had been fitted out under the Bishop of Rheims and other nobles, and thence accompanied the Emperor to London." Dr. Pauli says that the news of the investment of Harfleur, the circumstances of which he incorrectly relates, "brought tears to the eyes of the German King;" but forgets to add, that Sigismund dissuaded Henry from taking the command himself of the expedition for the relief of that town. Dr. Pauli adroitly forgets to mention the insolent inclination shown at the Council of Constance to class England with the Northern Kingdoms under Germany, to which Henry V. so indignantly replied.

The relations with Prussia had not a highly satisfactory origin. In the thirteenth century, the order of the Teutonic Knights, under their Grand Master, Herman von Salza, commenced a series of northern crusades against the heathen Wends and Lithuanians. From time to time, some restless English knight, having the spirit of Don Quixote, would go out and join in these unchivalric and unchristian expeditions. In 1390, Henry IV., while Duke of Lancaster, beleaguered Wilna, gave alms in Dantzic, and gained that knowledge of affairs which served him as King in good stead during some difficult negotiations with towns on the shores of the Baltic. Chaucer alludes to the Knight:—

"Ful often tyme he hadde the borde bygonne
Alsoven alle nacouns in Pruce,
In Lettowe had he reysed and in Ruce."

The courteous reception of Henry IV. in 1392, on his way to Holy Land, by the Duke of Austria, would have been appropriately mentioned; but neither that visit nor his return journey through Germany and Bohemia is alluded to.

The constant reiteration of the debt England owes to the merciless inroads of the Saxons, is very wearisome; and the statement is about as true as another made by Dr. Pauli—that "the Saxons of the Continent succeeded to the inheritance of universal supremacy that had hitherto belonged to Rome," and we must once for all assure him that Englishmen believe that they did not inherit their maritime supremacy from any but the Danes whom he maligns, nor their manners, polish, and civilization, from other hands than those of the Normans. We think that it was unfortunate for Dr. Pauli's reputation, that he sanctioned the translation of chapters written for his countrymen. They will not find acceptance here; and if his consistent reference of everything good in England to Germanic influence renders them popular at home, all that we can say is—Man is a dupeable animal, and there is a class of readers which, like a trout, may be taken by tickling.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

DUGALD STEWART complained that "the speculations of the mere scholar or glossarist presumed to usurp the honours of philosophy, and that for the express purpose of lowering its lofty pursuits to a level with their own." Professor Müller's lectures delivered at the Royal Institution during the present year, and republished in the volume before us, show that the speculations of the scholar and glossarist justly aspire to an equally elevated rank with those of the metaphysician, the chemist, or the physiologist. Language, too, is a science, as geology is a science. Philosophers have been tardy in discovering that human language has laws of formation as strict as those of the earth's strata; has its fossils to tell of far-off ages, and its deposits to record historical convulsions; that we may apply to the elucidation of its subject-matter, and the detection of its secrets, precisely the method which would regulate our proceedings in any other science; that here, too, we must have recourse to the great principles of the Inductive Philosophy, and base our generalizations upon large accumulation of facts, and only after diligent selection and sifting of instances. Our office in noticing this important volume will be exposition rather than criticism; the matter which it contains is so comparatively novel to the majority of English readers that it would be absurd in a reviewer to compose his article, assuming that the public were familiar with the nature and significance of the speculations under notice.

The author commences with what, by the way, we consider a somewhat inexhaustive division of sciences into two classes, physical and historical. Physical sciences have for their object the works of God: historical sciences, on the other hand, are conversant with the works of man. If therefore language is the result, as one school of philosophy maintains, of a convention of men, it must be ranked amongst historical sciences, and in all investigations into its phenomena and the laws which regulate them, we must have recourse to the methods appropriate to the historical sciences. So also, if we regard philology as a means, and as merely of practical usefulness. But if our inquiries are directed to the discovery of the principles which underlie all language, principles of an entirely *à priori* character, and which do not belong to one or any particular language, then is the science a natural science. In short, the question whether Language has any just claim to be admitted within the pale of the Physical Sciences, is only a way of stating another and deeper question, whether language is the work of God or of man. To the position that Language is the work of God or Nature, the chief objection is that such works never change, whereas language has always been undergoing what are apparently most radical changes. The oak of to-day is the oak of our British ancestors, but the words spoken beneath it are totally different. "Time writes no wrinkle on the azure brow" of ocean, but what varied fashions of speech, what confusion of tongues are to be found along its shores! In reply to this argument Professor Müller maintains that it arises from a misunderstanding of terms, and that its whole force is taken away by the establishment of the distinction between "historical change" and "natural growth;" that gradual alteration which goes on in language is in accordance with the operation of the latter, and is not the result of the former. For although, as has been admitted, Language

* Lectures on the Science of Language. Delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June, 1861. By Max Müller, M.A. 8vo, 12s. (Longmans.)

undergoes incessant changes, they are of such a sort that human agency can never either produce or prevent them. The author gives some amusing examples of this, one of which we quote:—

"The German Emperor Sigismund, when presiding at the Council of Costnitz, addressed the assembly in a Latin speech, exhorting them to eradicate the schism of the Hussites. 'Videte Patres,' he said, 'ut eradicetis schismam Hussitarum.' He was very unceremoniously called to order by a monk, who called out, 'Serenissime Rex, schisma est generis neutri.' The emperor, however, without losing his presence of mind, asked the impertinent monk, 'How do you know it?' The old Bohemian schoolmaster replied, 'Alexander Gallus says so.' 'And who is Alexander Gallus?' the emperor rejoined. The monk replied, 'He was a monk.' 'Well,' said the emperor, 'and I am Emperor of Rome; and my word, I trust, will be as good as the word of any monk.' No doubt the laughers were with the emperor; but for all that, *schisma* remained a neuter, and not even an emperor could change its gender or termination."

But without these historical illustrations of the impotency of man to force language, we might learn the same lesson from *a priori* reasoning. For all this alteration, which is mistaken for historical change, is the result of the operation of two great principles, neither of which is in any way subject to human control—the principles, namely, of (1) *Phonetic Decay*, and (2) *Dialectic Regeneration*. These two laws are in constant operation. According to the first, language is subject to a never-staying attrition, the result of the wear and tear of ordinary speech. This is too patent to need much illustration. We all know how in the hurry of conversation vowels get slurred over, and syllables run into one another, or altogether left out. Listen for ten minutes to two persons conversing, and you will soon hear how extensively the words are robbed of their proper proportions. Languages would by this process become mere dust and powder, did not another law intervene and supply the deficiencies produced by the first. The losses and the decay resulting from this attrition, are compensated for by *Dialectic Regeneration*; that is to say, by a vigorous undergrowth of varied expressions, which is to be found below every literary or written dialect. In explaining the growth of language, says Professor Müller, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this undergrowth: literary dialects may be compared to stagnant lakes by the side of great rivers, or to the frozen surface of a stream, arrested in its course, while beneath it the water flows on in full, uninterrupted current.

The changes, therefore, which go on in language are those of natural growth and development in obedience to laws over which man has no control. But it must be noted, that in using the term growth of language, it should be held to have a meaning analogous to the growth or accretions of the earth's crust, and not to the springing up of a tree. Growth of language, in fine, may be described as "the modification which takes place in time by continually new combinations of given elements, which withdraws itself from the control of free agents, and can in the end be recognized as the result of natural agencies."

After an equally conclusive reply to a less important objection, the author would seem to think that he has proved the title of his subject to a place amongst physical sciences, language being created of nature, not of man. But to our minds this scarcely appears a satisfactory mode of proceeding. The reasoning we hold to be sound in itself, and so far as it goes; but the question which Professor Müller

answers in the affirmative, Whether, namely, language is the work of God, is only a portion of the great problem as to the origin, remote and proximate, of language. Now the discussion of this most interesting topic could not be carried on with anything like a hope of success, until we had fairly arrived at the theoretical stage of our inquiry. It would probably have been better, therefore, if the author had carried us through the empirical and classificatory stages on a hypothesis; if he had taken it for granted that language was a physical science, and then, when he had arrived at a sufficiently advanced apprehension to maintain his theory and prove the hypothesis, had entered fully into the general question of which he treats in his Ninth Lecture. What language is, and Whence it comes, are two questions so closely allied, and so entirely cognate, that it is unsatisfactory and illogical to discuss them far apart from one another. Of this we shall have more to say as we advance.

All sciences pass through three stages—the Empirical, when knowledge is sought to meet the wants of mankind; the Classificatory, or Comparative, when a desire to understand has arisen, and so the notion of classes by selection of common points become familiar; and lastly the Theoretical, when the mind seeks to penetrate somewhat more deeply into the facts which have been accumulated, and desiderates some interpretation of them and the laws which underlie them. Language, like all other sciences, has progressed in these due successions, and may be traced up from empiricism to philosophy, from a merely utilitarian to a broadly scientific position. What, then, was the requirement which first impelled men to study language? First War, and then Trade between two nations who spoke different tongues, created a demand for those who knew both. Interpreters were the first students of language. The introduction of grammatical forms is due to the scholars or critics of Alexandria, who being engaged in settling the Homeric text by a careful collation of the various manuscripts which were sent to them, found it necessary to study the numerous dialects of their language, in order to judge of the preferableness of this or that reading, when there was a discrepancy in the texts. The first written grammar was arranged by Dionysius the Thracian, who was a teacher of Greek at Rome in the time of Pompey, and who no doubt compiled it for the purpose of instructing his pupils. In connection with this part of his subject, Professor Müller gives us a most interesting and valuable digression on the influence of the Greeks in Rome immediately anterior to this time. Greek was to a stern Roman what, to the more strict Englishman of our own time, would be paralleled by French in manners and morality, and German in religion and theology. Their plays were translations from the Greek, as all our modern farces are "adaptations" of French pieces; and Ennius translated two neologian works from Greek, just as Dr. Rowland Williams interprets Bunsen's doctrines for ourselves.

"With Dionysius Thrax," says the author, "the framework of grammar was finished. Later writers have improved and completed it, but they have added nothing really new and original." "We ourselves," he continues, "have been taught grammar according to the plan which was followed by Dionysius at Rome, by Priscianus at Constantinople, by Alcuin at York; and whatever may be said of the improvements introduced into our system of education, the Greek and Latin grammars used at our public schools are mainly founded on the first empirical analysis of language, prepared

by the philosophers of Athens, applied by the scholars of Alexandria, and transferred to the practical purpose of teaching a foreign tongue by the Greek professors at Rome." Before quitting the subject of grammars, we cannot forbear to mention the author's protest against the blunder of considering that the *casus genitivus* expresses the relation of father to son; whereas its real meaning is "the general case," expressing genus or kind; the Greek word which *genitivus* pretends to translate is γενική, not γονική.

The step from the empirical to the classificatory stage is not a very long one; the question soon arises: Whence comes this formal grammar? How do the terminations, inflections, and other forms acquire their force and meaning? How, for example, does the addition of *d* make such an enormous difference between *I love* and *I loved*? We at once go to other languages and search for the origin of the mysterious syllable as far back as we can, say as far as Gothic, the oldest of the Teutonic languages; then we examine the collateral tongue, that is we embark in genealogical speculation, which is of the nature of classification. In the classificatory stage of this science of language the most remarkable names are Leibnitz, Hervas, Adelung, Catherine of Russia, and Frederick Schlegel. Little progress had been made before the time of Leibnitz, who was the first to dissipate the notion that had hitherto been so universal and so fatal to discovery, that Hebrew was the primitive tongue. This illustrious philosopher rendered still greater service by indicating that the inductive method was that appropriate to linguistic investigations; and he showed that the prime necessity was to collect as large a number of facts as possible. He urged all his friends, Jesuits in China, Peter the Great in Russia, Witsen (who gratified him by a translation of the Lord's Prayer into a Hottentot jargon), to forward him specimens of as many dialects as possible. Hervas, 1735-1809, first laid down the great axiom that the real affinities of grammar must be decided by grammar, and not merely by similarity of sounds. Lord Monboddo, by the way, made the same discovery probably about the same time.

The great event in the history of the science of language was the discovery of Sanskrit. Professor Müller shows that the existence of Sanskrit language and literature had been known ever since India had been discovered by Alexander. But its history, in connection with European philology, dates from the foundation in 1784 of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, by Sir William Jones, Wilkins, and others. It is difficult at the present day, when Sanskrit literature is threatening to rival that of Greece and Rome, to understand the consternation and credulity with which the first discovery of it was received in Europe. Dugald Stewart wrote a long tractate to show that the crafty Brahmins had made up Sanskrit out of Greek and Latin. (*Dugald Stewart's Works*, by Hamilton, vol. iv., p. 77.) Theologians were disgusted at the prospect of a literature which should prove more ancient than their own books; and educated men could not bear to think that their favourite Greek and Latin "were of the same kith and kin as the language of the black inhabitants of India." The repugnance with which all men beheld the new comer, and the warmth with which so eminent a man as Stewart rebutted its pretensions and exposed its falseness, might give a useful lesson to some savans of our own time, who display an equal repugnance in receiving, and an equal warmth in rebutting, what may be at some future day

as established a theory as that Sanskrit is closely related to Greek and Latin. In 1808 Frederick Schlegel published his book *On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians*—a work which, according to Professor Müller's emphatic testimony, became the foundation of the science of language. One of the most important results of the science of Sanskrit, and of Schlegel's volume was the recognition of *families* of languages, that is, that various tongues were related to one another, and along with this principle was received the corollary from it, namely, that the degrees of relationship differed, that languages were connected in all possible varieties of affinity.

We need not follow the learned professor into the details of the genealogical classification of languages. The three great streams of human speech, the Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian, and the various divergent channels of each of them, are now, thanks to the labours of two or three zealous and able philologists, sufficiently familiar to the educated public. Nor yet is it necessary for us to carry our readers through the elaborate lecture on "Comparative Grammar;" in such a notice as the present we can only deal with the broader principles laid down by the author. Suffice it to say that in these portions of his work the author shows not only an intimate and wide acquaintance with the isolated facts belonging to his subject, but also that he has the power of selecting and grasping them; that he is not only the scholar but the philosopher, and that his mental outlook extends beyond vocables, grammars, and dictionaries, into the great field of universal science. And herein lies one of Professor Müller's most characteristic merits, that he recognises the existence of a proper subordination amongst the various objects of human inquiry; that amongst the sciences each has its own office and its own glory; he does not find it necessary to depreciate the interest and importance of labours in other departments of knowledge in order to elevate his own; he is content with holding that his own has interest and importance, and has close affinity with some of the most profoundly momentous speculations of our time.

One of the consequences of the discovery of Sanskrit and the subsequent division of languages into distinct families, was the confirmation, as it seemed, of the doctrine that the various forms of human speech could never have had a common origin. According to Professor Müller, this is by no means a fair conclusion from the premises; he maintains that the proper aspect of the problem whether languages had a common origin, is, that they who wish to assert that language had various beginnings, must show that it was impossible that they should have a common origin. He himself contributed a long and weighty Essay to the subject, which was published in Bunsen's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History*, a portion of his great work on *Christianity and Mankind*. In this Essay he insists not upon the necessity, which can scarcely ever be directly shown, but upon the possibility of a common origin of languages; and he sums up his own opinions in two paragraphs, which we give in his own words.

"Nothing necessitates the admission of different independent beginnings for the material elements of the Turanian, Semitic, and Aryan branches of speech;—nay, it is possible even now to point out radicals which, under various changes and disguises, have been current in these three branches ever since their first separation.

"Nothing necessitates the admission of different beginnings for the formal elements of the Turanian, Semitic, and Aryan branches of speech; and though

it is impossible to derive the Aryan system of grammar from the Semitic, or the Semitic from the Aryan, we can perfectly understand how, either through individual influences, or by the wear and tear of speech in its own continuous working, the different systems of grammar of Asia and Europe may have been produced."

It is to be carefully observed, that language may have had a common origin, and yet mankind not have sprung from one primeval pair. "Language," says the author, "might have been the property of one favoured race, and have been communicated to the other races in the progress of history." Still we cannot but believe that the identity of origin once established in the case of the varieties of human speech, a long step has been taken towards showing at least the *probability* of identity of origin in the case of the equally numerous varieties of the human kind. Languages are classified morphologically under three heads. They are of (1) the Monosyllabic or Radical, (2) Agglutinative or Terminational, and (3) Inflectional; and the principal argument against the common origin of languages arises from the fact that no language seems to change its stage; Chinese does not become agglutinative; Turkish does not become inflectional. This argument Professor Müller answers, by showing that in Chinese we may discover rudimentary traces of agglutination, and in Turkish rudimentary inflections; and as he ingeniously expresses it, "The great stream of language rolled on in numberless dialects, and changed its grammatical colouring as it passed from time to time through new deposits of thought. The different channels which left the main current and became stationary and stagnant, or if you like, literary and traditional, retained for ever that colouring which the main current displayed at the moment of their separation."

We are glad that the author has removed this discussion from beyond the asphyxiating influences of theological controversy; he alleges, *in limine*, that if we were led by our researches to the belief that the languages of mankind were various in origin, there is nothing in the Old Testament contrary to such a view. If, on the other hand, we became persuaded that the origin of languages was common, we should not be dismayed to find the genealogical classification of them differing from the genealogies of the Old Testament, which are genealogies of blood, not of speech.

One more, and that the most interesting, question remains to be answered. All languages are capable of resolution into roots, and these roots are joined together according to the Radical, the Terminational, or the Inflectional system. What are these roots? Whence come they? The consideration of this important subject we propose to defer until our next number.

POETRY.

Dryope; and other Poems. By Thomas Aske. (Bell and Daldy.) "Literary gentlemen" occasionally make large fortunes. A Walter Scott condescends to invent *Waverley* because he wants to buy Abbotsford; and a modern novelist cannot help becoming rich and famous because he has the noblest aspiration to benefit mankind. But yet society is carelessly agreed that society deals hardly with the "literary gentleman;" and, whatever of this kind may be true of the industrious prose writer, is certainly far more true of the unfortunate poet. Comparisons of the fates of classes cannot be

too frequently made. The younger lives must be warned. New toys and new descriptions of toys are annually manufactured, because new little people are annually coming to life. New novels are always being constructed, not because there is anything like an insufficiency of old ones, but because manners change, and it is necessary that romantic young men and women, always appearing fresh, should have fresh pictures of living life and manners to fit them for an every-day world. Literature, it is agreed, is an important matter; and yet, even by literature itself, literature is frequently degraded. Its encouragement is a kind of no man's business. The "Civil List" is always plundered by the military. Who has the apartments gratis in Hampton Court? "Dames,"—the widows of judges and G.C.B.'s. If the youth of the country enter the army or navy, they have but to live long enough to become incapable generals or corpulent admirals. There is a Sir John Herschel, a Sir William Armstrong, a Sir Edwin Landseer, a Sir Charles Eastlake, a Sir Charles Fox. All kinds of people, from Mr. Henry Cole upwards, are made C.B.'s. But Bulwer was made Sir Edward because he was to own Knebworth; Scott became Sir Walter because he preferred Abbotsford to living on a flat in Princes Street, Edinburgh; and Macaulay would never have had a two or three years' huskiness in the Upper House had he not gone out to India, "feathered his nest," and served the Whigs; establishing, by the way, one solitary instance of gratitude at the hands of that party. Thus, going the length of including so slippery an entity as Whig gratitude, it appears that there is something for everything but literature—unless, indeed, a small consulship just before a man dies is to be coveted. The novelists may perhaps be tempted to content themselves with the pecuniary reward of their labours, which is often fair enough; but the poet never has that resource. He is worst treated of all. Now and then there is an honour, of course. The very Queen herself is said to have dropped in on Mr. Tennyson one morning, in time for breakfast; a courtesy which the poet received with calmness, unlike a duke, for instance, who certainly would have ruined the family for ever, and made them chairmen of railways, through the ostentatious supply of eggs and watercresses. But beyond all else does the poet suffer in this—that he is very, very seldom allowed to have any merit. The ordinary argument is that anything in verse which appears to be an imitation of, or an inspiration from, anything gone before, must be bad, and that it is better to go to the fountain-head at once. And too often the purely original are scouted as madmen. Mr. Tennyson's high claims are fully admitted; but every month some young writer is being made unhappy by being told that he is only an echo of Tennyson. Mr. Robert Browning, metaphysical and original, musical, grave, gay, lively, and severe, has sold perhaps a thousand copies in a dozen years, and is regularly shelved by the lazy skimmers of books, who laugh at but cannot read him. We have by no means forgotten Mr. Thomas Aske. Indeed, it is out of respect for his poetical merits that we have endeavoured to analyze the poetical position. Readers should be grateful to the poets, since it is proved that they are the most disinterested, if the most irritable tribe. Mr. Aske has not the least touch of the plagiarist in him, but he is something like an imitator. It seems absolutely certain that some of his poems would not have been written had it not been for the previous reading of the Poet Laureate. "Saint Guthlac" is another "Saint Simeon Stylites," but missing the dramatic force necessarily wanting in narrative. In *Dryope* the flowers are dashed together, line after line, in reckless profusion, which irresistibly suggests the "violet, amaranthus, and asphodel" of Tennyson. And, it might be inquired for the first time, why not? All nature, strangely varied, is still a system of reproduction and imitation. When one man's work is over let another take it up. Many of the poets also have been essentially lazy. Sir John Suckling, in his "Session," describes one as "hide-bound. Goldsmith composed with difficulty. The jokes against Rogers are notorious. It is not said in derision, but, shorn of their great works, which nobody ever reads, the poets go down to posterity upon very little. *Lycidas* is better known than

Paradise Lost. Let the imitators come forward. If any writer can write something in the least resembling those few slender verses of Sidney Godolphin, it will be far better than his own originality. Let a second Waller breathe warmth towards a second Sacharissa. Let another Cowley mourn over another imaginary mistress. And if there be in this world a man capable of

"desiring
More in this world than any understand,"

let him give the world a few more of those lyrics, containing the heart laid bare, the very soul of him that went down in the Gulf of Lerici. With the exception of what we have already pointed out, and he may be unconscious of that, Mr. Aske is no imitator. His lyrics are essentially his own, unless they be occasionally tinted with the peculiarity (to frivolity) of the much neglected Thomas Lovell Beddoes. His sonnets differ materially from most sonnets; for sonnets should possess two separate ideas, and some of these seem scarcely to possess one. He is always most musical, but purchases his music in the dear market of flashy iteration and incorrectness of expression. Here is a very readable passage, which every reader will admire, and which contains fair specimens of the faults mentioned:—

"She was more beautiful than Here then,
Not being so proud; more beautiful than nymph,
Naiad, or Nereid, in her womanhood.
She listen'd, blushing, seated on the mound.
She had a soft, still face; not sharp; but smooth,
And round, and gentle; quiet as the moon
On warm June nights; with kindly warmth; and sweet
As full-blown sweetness of a pale, faint rose.
And gradual undulations rose and fell
About her neck and shoulders beautifully;
Hollow'd a little in the throat, not much;
But as a dimple hollows in ripe fruit
Of apricot, more lovely for it: and then
Swell'd full to meet the swelling breasts, and sloped
Between their wealthy richness; where it were
Most lulling to be lull'd awhile, when sick.
And one round milky arm lay curved in rest
On yielding cushion of her open side;
Embracing half the left-side breast, which gleam'd
Uncover'd of the kirtle missing it.
For summer being hot in those hot lands,
She only wore a flowing kirtle white,
That lay about her in pure light and shade;
Loose-fitting to the softly-hinted limbs;
And falling fold on fold, and loop'd across
One shoulder; leaving half the left-breast bare,
And both the arms; and flowing to her knees;
Showing the dimpling ankles and the feet.
And ever and anon a little beam,
Fell on her rounded shoulder and her neck,
Like gold but paler; stealing o'er the white
Full-heaving bosom; rippled down the robes;
And in the snowy hollow of her breasts
Lay lurking, softer than the down of doves."

A little cold-blooded examination of the above charming passage draws us down into the common day. There is so trifling a distinction between "nymph, naiad, and nereid," that it is not worth mentioning. It is the minute phraseology of an attorney's clerk rather than of a poet. Anything "sweet as sweetness," any "wealthy richness," anything "lulling to be lull'd," is a mere pleonasm—wasteful and ridiculous excess. Of course "Summer is hot in hot lands." But who cannot enjoy blank verse which has no worse blemishes than these? *Dryope* is excellent. It is the established story of course, told with admirable flashes of passion and description, although occasionally marred by iteration and false imagery. It is no compliment to one of the young ladies loved of Apollo to say that she was "white-limbed as lilies," for, from first to last, the limbs of lilies have been always green. It is not a heart-breaking matter; but if poets will not be precise in what they see, they can scarcely expect to be believed in relating what they think or feel. The more important of the poems have the advantage of not being too ambitious, nor too long. The lyrics and ballads, being even less ambitious, are more perfect. They are fresh, melodious, sometimes quaint. Of flesh and blood—the mind—good descriptions, if a paradox may be pardoned, of the vague indescribable sensations, felt at times by all, but seldom successfully conveyed—Mr. Allingham has made much music in this way, but Mr. Aske is in no way inferior. Here is one, selected for its brevity, but not for its superiority over its fellows:—

"REFUGE.

Often doubts arise in me.
I may way but dimly see.
In a desert place I seem.
Weary sands around me gleam.
Something sad hangs o'er my head:
Makes me wish that I were dead.
Then I love about me wrap:
I lie hid from such mishap,
With my head in my love's lap.

Many dreams have not come true.
Day is closing,—work to do.
Scarcely have I gain'd at all
What to me seem'd all in all.
Show me harvest, waning years!
See,—I cannot keep from tears.
Wherefore weep? I will not speak
My despair, but comfort seek;
My love's lip upon my cheek."

Especially good and original are "Lady Mary," "A Phantom," "Pall-bearing," and "The Sisters." It appears to be a fashion to close a volume of poems with a handful of autobiographical and enigmatical sonnets. The present are of little value. They seem to show that the writer has been in love twice, and married once; that he has "doubts," and great aspirations after doing good. It is the common-place experience, and scarcely worth the recording in a pretentious shape. But we close the volume with sincere respect for the author. He is always readable, sometimes original, is free from the sin of recent fripperies, and does not translate from the French.

SHORT NOTICES.

Three Sermons, composed for Delivery at the Opening of a New Organ at St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton. By the Rev. H. Bristow Wilson, B.D. (Longmans.) The history of the present publication is this. Mr. Wilson, we need scarcely say, is one of the notorious Essayists and Reviewers. These three Sermons, with the considerable preliminary matter, are about equivalent to a supplementary contribution to the volume. Mr. Wilson was advertised to preach some sermons at St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, the Incumbent of which, Mr. Macnaught, entertains opinions very similar to Mr. Wilson's. This coming to the knowledge of the Bishop of Chester, he issued a monition to Mr. Macnaught, forbidding him to allow Mr. Wilson the use of his pulpit. Although the law on the subject appears to be doubtful, it was resolved to obey the inhibition. At the same time, steps were taken to render the inhibition as inoperative as possible. The Sermons were read by Mr. Macnaught and afterwards published by Mr. Wilson. We certainly think that it would have been more manly to have brought the question of the Bishop's authority to a proper issue, and not to have resorted to a system of evasion. The first part of the joint revenge against the Bishop must have been very ridiculous, as Mr. Macnaught had to read a strange manuscript which had the disadvantage of not being clearly written. We are glad to hear of any of the seven gentlemen re-appearing in print, as it gives them an opportunity of explaining or qualifying what they had previously written. Thus we had much pleasure in reading Dr. Temple's sermons, which strengthened our opinion that the feeling against him was unduly exaggerated. We regret to say that this publication only strengthens our idea that Mr. Wilson was one of the most mischievous and unconscientious writers of the series. We have always abstained from being dogmatic at any period of this controversy, but we confess the feelings of dislike and disgust are strong upon us when we see any clergyman of the Church of England acting so unworthily by his own communion. One or two instances will show that Mr. Wilson is not slow in re-stating his published views. The doctrine of the Ascension is given up. So is the Passion of our Lord. "It is certainly improbable that our Saviour ever promised his followers there should attend them the wonder-working power described." The Epistle to the Hebrews and the Gospel of St. John are only adventitiously admitted into the Canon. Mr. Wilson is rather severe upon the writer of the remarkable article in the *Edin-*

burgh Review, at which we were not surprised, since the writer, while anxious to screen the essayists as far as possible, said some justly-severe things about Mr. Wilson. Nothing is more unfair than Mr. Wilson's argument that the doctrine of the Atonement was unknown almost before Luther, inasmuch as it is not dogmatically expressed in the Creeds. The silence of the Creeds proves not that the doctrine was not admitted, but that it was not doubted, and had therefore no room in formularies drawn up to guard against particular errors. In a portion of his preface, Mr. Wilson seems to lean too much to the opinion that truth is more relative than absolute. We trust a tutor of St. John's College is familiar with the *Theætetus* of Plato. "The doctrine of Transubstantiation is true to those who think it is true." So Mahomedanism is true to the Mahomedan, and Christianity to the Christian; equally true, or equally untrue. The most curious part of the book is Mr. Wilson's theory about sermons. He thinks that if the Church was properly constituted, "the jurist, the political economist, the statistician, and the natural philosopher," would give expositions "with which it would highly concern Christian congregations to be familiar." Thus in the morning we might have a sermon on the steam-engine, and in the evening one on the circulation of the blood. We should of course have a series of discourses on Mr. Buckle's Law of Averages. We now pass on to the Sermons: surely we had a right to hope that these speculations would be banished from sermons addressed to a mixed congregation. The bulk of such a congregation consists of women and children. Even to them a sermon is a very fractional part of the literature of the week. On that one occasion of the week could not Mr. Wilson find something of real use to men and women fighting amid the world's trials and temptations, some positive teaching, some topics of consolation or warning, some exhortation to duty and patience, some cheering thoughts respecting death and immortality? These sermons consist of deliberate attempts to instil elements of doubt and to undermine the authority of Holy Writ. What on earth is the use, before a mixed congregation, of attacking the earlier chapters of Genesis? What is the use of declaring that statistics are the voice of God, and speaking of them with higher reverence than of the Bible? What is the use of attacking portions of our Liturgy, and aspiring publicly for greater liberty of speech in the Church, which means, we suppose, the saying Mr. Wilson the trouble of theological "hedging," so as to keep on the safe side of the law? The license allowed by the Church of England is really very great, but it will probably be found that Mr. Wilson has exceeded it. We scarcely dare to dwell on the cruelty and hardness of heart of a preacher abdicating all higher topics, to infuse his own unhappy doubts into the inexperienced and unlettered minds of a congregation of worshippers. Mr. Wilson is a glaring instance of a man of ill-balanced mind rushing to the furthest extreme of the most opposite parties he has embraced, and so falsifying the degree of truth there is in both. Having embraced the most irrational form of the High Church party, he discredited a movement which has been fraught with good to the Church, and by his semi-sceptical opinions has aroused popular suspicion against other men who are honestly desirous of a closer union of intellect and philosophy with religious literature.

The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyric Poems in the English Language. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. (Macmillan and Co.) There is a charm about this little volume which it is difficult to describe, but not difficult to appreciate. We have had many collections of English songs and lyrics, before Mr. Palgrave undertook the task which he has so successfully accomplished in *The Golden Treasury*, but in none of these has there been a defined plan, in none of them has there been any attempt to "reflect the natural growth and evolution of our poetry." There is a unity in this collection of beauties, which makes the volume as suggestive as it is pleasant; and the poetic student, as he passes from poem to poem, will traverse one of the fairest domains in the region of English verse. Of all forms of poetry the lyric is the best understood and the most warmly appreciated. It is the com-

pletest expression of the poet's own feeling and experience, and thus it at once finds its way to the heart, and chimes in with the experience of others. Mr. Palgrave has not attempted to give any very strict definition of lyrical poetry. Had he done so, his volume might have lost breadth, and his readers pleasure. "Lyrical," he says, "has been here held essentially to imply that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation." Thus he comes to his task unfettered, and depends in larger measure upon his own judgment, than on any express rule. On the whole, *The Golden Treasury* is worthy of the highest praise. In this joyous summer-tide, when most of us are seeking a sea-change, or looking forward to a mountain ramble, here is a companion ready to accompany us, whose society will never be wearisome, who will discourse eloquent music, and awaken pleasant memories, and revive that "precious music of the heart" which gladdened us in childhood. The sheaves of English lyric poetry, which Mr. Palgrave has garnered for us in this volume, are laden heavily with golden grain. Open where you will, and the page is ripe with poetic thought, and redolent of beauty. Most of the poems are necessarily familiar to all who read and appreciate the poets of their country, but it is no slight boon to have them before us in so compact and presentable a form. The task has been undertaken with a desire to accomplish it thoroughly; and for this end, "Chalmers's vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best anthologies of different periods have been twice systematically read through." Mr. Palgrave adds, that it is improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. It must therefore be with design that some true poets are entirely unrepresented, and that we miss several excellent lyrics which we should have deemed worthy of a place in such a Treasury. Spenser's "Epithalamion," the noblest nuptial song in any language, is "omitted with great reluctance, as not in harmony with modern manners." The reason thus given must surely be intended as a satire on the nineteenth century. Can it be that the age which applauds "La Traviata," which discusses the charms of "pretty horse-breakers" in leading articles, which patronizes Cremona, and is glad to secure the constant services of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, is too refined to tolerate the impassioned warmth of a strain which Mr. Hallam has so felicitously described as "an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, pure, and noble"? Among the Scotch poets we miss Robert Nicol, whose "Bessie Lee" is worthy of Burns himself, Tannahill, Hogg, and Hector Macneil, the author of "Mary of Castle-Cary." Among English poets we miss some whose genius, though not of the highest order, was eminently lyrical. Not a single page in the volume is allotted to Mrs. Hemans, a true and sweet poet, in spite of all her deficiencies. Mrs. Hemans has greatly injured her reputation by writing so much in the same strain. Her music is monotonous, and soon wears us; but she has left about a dozen lyrics which are almost perfect as compositions, and which bid fair to last as long as the language. Without the insertion of one or more of these, our English lyric poetry is not fully represented. Mr. Palgrave has omitted, and we think wisely, Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" but he has retained only the first stanza and the last out of the four which compose "The Bed of Death," on the ground that "of all poetical qualities, ingenuity is least in accordance with pathos." This is quite true; but we do not think the omitted lines owe their charm to ingenuity, but rather that the fancy, or, as our old writers would have termed it, the "conceit" displayed in them is not incompatible with the deepest pathos. But after all, the faults, if faults they be, in the *Golden Treasury* are extremely insignificant; for the perfect beauty, which may well make it a joy for ever, we have to thank Mr. Palgrave's careful labour and correct taste. The book should find a place on the most favoured shelf of our libraries; or, better still, let us take it with us as a dear friend and solace in all our out-door excursions.

We have received the following Pamphlets and Serials:—*The Photographic Journal* (Taylor and Francis); *The Irish Convocation*, by the Rev. T.

Woodward (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.); *Proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society* (Bradbury and Evans); Part I. of the *Halfpenny Journal* (Ward and Lock).

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

- Aimard (Gustave), *The Freebooters, a Story of the Texan War*, 12mo, 2s. Ward and Lock.
Archbold (J. F.), *Statutes Relating to Irremovability of Paupers*, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Shaw.
Auerbach's Joseph in the Snow, and the Clockmaker, translated by Lady Wallace, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Benisch (A.), *Jewish School and Family Bible*, Hebrew and English, vol. IV., 8vo, 15s., English only 6s. 6d. Longmans.
Bowman (John E.), *Introduction to Practical Chemistry*, fourth edition, 12mo, 6s. 6d. Churchill.
Burnett (John), *Landscape Painting in Oil Colours*, new edition, edited by H. Murray, 4to, 12s. Virtue.
Cayzer (T. S.), *Arithmetical Tests*, 12mo, 1s. 6d.; *Answers to Do.*, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Griffith and Farrer.
Child's First Book of A B C, including Easy Words, Spelling, and Reading, illustrated, 16mo, plain 1s., coloured 1s. 6d. Ward and Lock.
Christy's Minstrels Complete Banjo Tutor, 4to, 1s., Musical Bouquet.
Costello (Dudley), *Piedmont and Italy from Alps to the Tiber*, 2 vols., 4to, 42s. Virtue.
Corner (Julia), *Culverley Rise*, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Newby.
Cyrus, King of Persia and Media, his Life and Character, by Lady Julia Lockwood. Saunders and Otley.
Dickens (C.), *Great Expectations*, third edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Chapman and Hall.
Dollman (F. T.), *An Analysis of Ancient Domestic Architecture*, vol. I., 4to, 52s. 6d. Atchley and Co.
Fenwick (Stephen), *Mechanics of Construction*, 8vo, cloth, 12s. Bell and Daldy.
Francis (J. G.), *Beach Rambles*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Ginsburg (C. D.), *Cohemoth*, commonly called the Book of Ecclesiastes, translated from the original Hebrew, 8vo, 18s. Longmans.
Gibson (Rev. C. E.), *History of the County and City of Cork*, 2 vols., 8vo, 21s. Newby.
Gloriously Beautiful, a Tale, small 4to, 3s. 6d. Houlston.
Herodotus, Text, by Galsford, Notes by J. L. Leary, 2 vols., 12mo, 8s. Weale.
Horsy (S. C.), *People's Edition of Lord Chancellor's Bankruptcy and Insolvent Bill*, 12mo, 1s. Lea.
Lewin (T.), *Practical Treatise, Law of Trusts and Trustees*, fourth edition, royal 8vo, 31s. 6d.
McGilchrist (J.), *Roseallan's Daughter, a Tragedy*, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Nimmo.
Our Nursery Story-Book, 250 pictures, royal 16mo, 5s. Ward and Lock.
Page (Annie), *History of the Martyrs during the Reign of Queen Mary*, 12mo, 6d.
Parks (Wm.), *Tracts and Addresses issued between the years 1851 and 1861*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Collingridge.
Practical Guide to Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine, new edition, 12mo, 1s. Simpkin.
Practical Swiss Guide, sixth edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
Procter (Adelaide A.), *Legends and Lyrics*, vol. II., second edition, 12mo, 5s. Bell and Daldy.
Proceedings at Laying the Foundation Stone of the Wallace Monument, 12mo, 1s. Nimmo.
Recollections of a Beloved Pastor, by one of his Flock, second edition, 16mo, 3s. Houlston.
Routledge's Diamond English Dictionary, by Nuttall, 32mo, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Russell (C.), *The Tannin Process*, 12mo, 2s. J. W. Davies.
Slack (H. J.), *Marvels of Pond Life*, post 8vo, 5s. Groombridge.
Smythies (Mrs. Gordon), *Alone in the World*, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.
Social Science, being Selections from Cassell's Prize Essays by Working Men and Women, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cassell.
Stable Management, or Precept and Practice, by Harry Heover, third edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Newby.
Swaine (E.), *Objections to Doctrine of Israel's Restoration to their Own Land*, third edition, 18mo, 2s. 6d. Jackson and Walford.
Taylor (Alex.), *Climate of Pau*, third edition, condensed, post 8vo, 7s. Churchill.
Who is to Have It? by author of "Netherwoods of Otterpool," new edition, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.
Williams (Jane), *Literary Women of England*, 8vo, cloth, 18s. Saunders and Otley.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S SCHEME FOR A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

PROFESSOR OWEN has just published, in the pages of a contemporary, a lengthy paper originally read before one of the learned societies of the Metropolis, upon the project of a National Museum of Natural History. In this paper, he has given in minute elaboration, the theory which he holds of what such an institution should be; what should guide us in the selection of its contents; what purpose it is to subserve; and what is the least space in which

anything approaching to an adequate exhibition of the various specimens in Natural History could be effected. His reasons are more new to us than the conclusion to which they are alleged to lead. It has long been known that Professor Owen would be content with nothing less than a building of two stories, covering five acres of ground; this calculation, by the way, being made with a forecast of thirty years' accessions. We shall not attempt to follow the eminent propounder of this wild scheme through the various pleas which he has adduced in favour of his own view. They are put with all possible clearness, and the conclusion to which they are made to lead is a fair deduction from the premises. If the question were one of mere theory, we should readily admit that Professor Owen's views were unquestionably correct; if the proposed Museum were a mere *château en Espagne*, or were to be built by some supernatural agency, we should probably not care to deny that the notion of adequate exhibition space be estimated, "first, by the number of known species of each class; secondly, by the extent of exhibition space occupied by the proportion of the class which may be properly exhibited; thirdly, by the proportion of examples obtained but not exhibited; fourthly, by the ratio at which such specimens have arrived in a given number of years; fifthly, by the ratio or conditions in which the ratio of future increase may be computed." Unluckily, however, what Professor Owen proposes, is a building the actual and positive expense of which would have to come out of the national purse. And here again, if the nation had no other calls upon its purse than those of Natural History, this demand might be reasonable enough: but unhappily, whilst Dr. Owen is asking us to house the *Balena mysticetus*, and showing the urgent necessity of a gallery of two hundred and fifty feet in length for the osteology of the *Hamatocerya*, and so on, there is a vast number of human mammals in our own streets crying out for housing, to say nothing of food, or clothing, or education. Professor Owen argues as if the most lamentable deficiency of our day was the inadequate exhibition space given to Natural History in the British Museum. If our readers will consider for a moment the enormous expenditure of money which Professor Owen's scheme involves; how much the land would cost, as it must necessarily, to be of any popular utility, be in the Metropolis; how much a building of two stories in height and five acres in extent would cost; how much the large staff of curators, attendants, and other officials, requisite for so vast an establishment, would cost;—they will soon agree with us that a more preposterous notion, under the present circumstances and in the present stage of national progress, was never brought forward. It may appear bold to apply so hard a term to any notion broached by a man of such high renown as Professor Owen; but the fact is that Professor Owen indulges in the prerogative of genius; he has his monomania, a Natural History Museum of two stories and five acres. He has had his whole mind, for many years, firmly fixed on one particular set of pursuits; in that he has found continued employment and achieved a splendid reputation. He may be pardoned therefore for exalting his favourite department of science to a height inconsistent with the rights of other departments; he may be pardoned for maintaining with elaborate arguments that there is nothing like leather.

We would look at the subject from two points of view, first, whether even at any time such a gigantic museum is desirable; and second, how far it is so, particularly at the present time. For whose use is such an establishment designed? For that of the professional student, the man of systematic science, or that of the general public?

If for the former, we can only say that it is hard to expect the public to sacrifice the many objects in various departments of which they are avowedly in pressing want, merely to enable an extremely limited section of scientific inquirers to pursue their studies more widely and more deeply than has hitherto been in their power. But according to Professor Owen himself, in the first portion of his paper, "the purpose of a Museum of Natural History is to set forth the extent and variety of the Creative Power, with the sole rational aim of imparting and diffusing that knowledge which begets the right spirit in which all Nature should be viewed." And this is all the

good which such a Museum can confer upon the general public, to beget a broad right-minded spirit. The public as they troop through the corridors of the various departments of Natural History in the British Museum, acquire little or no technical knowledge of the subject-matter of those departments; but they are filled with a vague awe, a mysterious and reverential appreciation of the infinite variety, the curious refinement, the wise adaptation of means to ends, which belong to the works of nature around them; to their minds all the subtleties of classification and nomenclature are utterly insignificant. The education thus given, contemptible as it may seem to men of accurate scientific research, is practically of the highest worth, and the greater the facilities afforded for its acquisition the more rapid will be the improvement of the people. And for this education we have no need of the gigantic Museum proposed by Professor Owen.

But apart from these considerations, the question has, as we have said, another and a more important aspect. Supposing it to be desirable on general grounds for the reader to possess such a museum, can we contemplate without disgust the expenditure of the enormous sum which it would undoubtedly require, when we recall to mind all the disorders in society which are now so pressing for removal or diminution, and the only excuse for whose existence is the urgency of social economy. Why, if Natural History requires five acres, how many shall we have to allot to the Department of Technology, and how many to the Fine Arts? And what excuse shall we have to give for the lamentably deficient means of education within the reach of the poorer classes; for the totally inadequate sanitary precautions of large towns? In all sobriety, and with all possible respect for Professor Owen's great reputation and undoubted genius, we must protest against his project, as one of the most entirely unreasonable that has ever been brought before the public. Mr. Gladstone said, in the debate on the supply for the British Museum, that the condition of that establishment, and the contriving of future arrangements, would engage the attention of the Trustees and of Government during the vacation. We trust very fervently that their deliberations will not be conducted on the same principles as these extravagant aspirations of Professor Owen.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT EXETER.

As the men of the West Country are famous for their clanship, there is no doubt that the meeting of the British Archaeological Association, under the Presidency of Sir Stafford Northcote, in their fine cathedral city of Exeter, will be most successful. The Archaeological Institute, the Architectural Societies of Lincoln, Surrey, and Kent, have already concluded their antiquarian campaigns, and now the rival of the former society enters upon its week of labour, with the advantages of a bright sun and the drawback of intense heat. On Monday, August 19, the opening day, the remains of *Rougemont Castle* and other antiquities in the city will be visited; on Tuesday, the *Cathedral*, *Pynes*, *Copplestone*, and *Crediton*; on Wednesday, *Ford Abbey*, *Ottery St. Mary*, and *Cadbury House*; on Thursday, *Newton Abbot*, *Hacombe*, *Compton Castle*, by *Cockington* to *Torquay*, *St. Michael's Chapel*, *Tor Church* and *Abbey*, *Isam Chapel*, and *Kent's Cavern*; on Friday, *Tiverton*, *Collington*, and *Bradinch Manor House*; on Saturday, *Dartmouth*, *Darlington Hall*, *Berry Pomeroy*, and *Totness*. On the following Monday, it is proposed to visit Dartmoor. The following Papers are expected to be read:—by Mr. Wright, on the Library given by Bishop Leofric to Exeter Cathedral, and municipal records; by Mr. Pettigrew, on Roman antiquities found in the city; by Mr. Davis, on the Cathedral; by Sir G. Wilkinson, on Dartmoor; by Mr. Levein, on published MSS. relating to Devonshire, in the British Museum; and by Mr. Planché, on the Earls of Devon; by Mr. G. Hills, on Ford Abbey; by Mr. Irving, on Roman camps, earthworks, and fortifications in Devon; by Mr. Roberts, on Ottery St. Mary; by

Lieut.-Colonel Harding, on the coinage of Exeter; by Mr. Ashworth, on Torr Abbey; by Mr. Crabbe, on Hacombe Church; by Mr. Laurence, on Compton Castle; by Mr. Hughes, on Tiverton Church; by Mr. Haywood, on Bradfield House; by Mr. Tuckett, on Crediton; by Mr. Gidley, on royal visits to Exeter; and by Mr. Hutchinson, on hill fortresses, tumuli, &c., in East Devon. The Association will be received at Ottery by Sir J. Coleridge, at Torquay by Sir L. Palk, and at Bradfield by G. Walrond, Esq. On Monday, August 26th, it is proposed to examine the antiquities of Dartmoor. The committee includes the well-known names of Sir John Coleridge, Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, J. Evans, F.S.A., Colonel Harding, George Godwin, J. O. Halliwell, Gordon Hills, T. J. Pettigrew, Thomas Wright, Esqs., &c.

Some portions of the Norman walls, the gateway, and three bastions of Rougemont Castle remains. The Crypt of St. Nicholas, a Benedictine Priory, in Mint Lane, the nave of St. Mary Arches, the tower of St. Mary Major, and the font of St. Mary Steps (which contains also an astronomical clock), are Norman. The best stained glass is to be seen in the churches of All Hallows on the Walls, St. James's, and St. Paul's; and there are carved screens in St. Mary Major and St. Laurence. The Guildhall and a house in North Street offer specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. The Chapel of Wynard's Hospital is of the same period. Exeter has been the birthplace of Cardinal Langton, Lords Gifford and King, Sir Vicary Gibbs, Sir T. Bodley, S. Ockley, E. Budgell, and Tom D'Urfey. Richard Hooker was born at the neighbouring village of Heavitree.

From Alphington Causeway and the banks of the Exe, from which the town derives its name, the finest views of the church of St. Peter are obtained: the want of height, its chief defect, is not observable, and the peculiar characteristics of transept towers give a remarkable effect to the long and otherwise unbroken line of nave and choir, with their high-pitched crested roofs. From the north side of the Close, the smooth green turf contrasts well with the grey walls; and the graceful composition of the building is gathered in at a glance, embracing the western screen covered with canopied statues, the stately towers, the projecting chancery, the richly-pinnacled flying buttresses, and the large beautiful windows of the aisles and clerestory filled with tracery of the most elegant design. Although not ranking with cathedrals of the first class, the church takes a high position amongst those of the next grade. Unlike Peterborough, being attached to an establishment of secular canons, it had no monastic buildings; the only accessories having been a chapter-house, library, and cloisters, and a detached college of priests vicars, founded in 1338 by Bishop Brantingham, of which a hall of the fourteenth century still remains. The Deanery is only interesting from its historical association, having been visited by Charles II. and George III., and by the Prince of Orange after his landing at Torbay. The Bishop's palace on the south side of the cathedral, built originally by Bishop Quivil in the reign of Edward I., retains a good bay-window of three stories, a chimney-piece, c. 1486, and an Early English chapel. To the north there is a house with a bay-window of the date of Henry VII., and a good timber roof, and near it a small hall retaining portions of a beautiful ceiling, and the window of a small oratory on the first floor.

A monastery founded here in 633 was destroyed by Sweyn and rebuilt by Canute. The towers are the remains of a cathedral built by Bishop Warelwast at the commencement of the twelfth century, and in their position resemble those at Offery, Narbonne, and Châlons-sur-Marne, and the tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, the only one completed upon a similar design. New buildings were commenced by Bishop Quivil in 1288, and Bishop Stapledon completed, in 1310, the four eastern bays of the choir, supplying the windows with stained glass from Rouen, at a cost of 8d. by the foot. Bishop Grandison dedicated the choir on December 18th, 1328, and in 1350 put the vaulting to the nave, which had been built by Bishop Bylton between the years 1293 and 1307; threw the cemetery chapel of St. Edmund into the church; and having added two bays to the nave, built the west front in 1360 and screen.

In 1291-1307 he roofed the Lady Chapel, vaulted the choir aisles, and erected the chantries of St. Paul and St. John Baptist. Bishop Brewer, between 1224 and 1244, built the lower portion of the Lady Chapel, the upper stage being completed by Bishop Quivil 1281-91, who threw into it the chantries of St. Gabriel and St. Mary Magdalen, which had been erected by Bishop Bronscombe, 1257-80, the founder of the Early Decorated chantries of St. Andrew and St. James, with the chambers over them, forming a kind of choir-transept. Bishop Brantingham, 1370-95, added to the west front, erected the roof-loft, and the east window of the choir in 1392, and completed the cloisters. Bishop Lacy built, between 1427 and 1439, and Bishop Booth in 1478 completed, the upper portion of the chapter-house, adding its gilded and painted roof; the lower stage was built by Bishop Brewer, and continued by Bishop Blonny in 1257; Bishop Neville added the east window. Bishop Booth, 1456-78, erected the episcopal throne; the sedilia were the additions made by Bishop Stapledon. Bishop Quivil, with masterly skill, made the north and south windows of the transept by taking down the inner side of the towers to one-half of their height from the ground, and constructing a vast substantial arch to sustain the upper part. Bishop Lacy renewed the south transept window; and Bishop Courtenay rebuilt the upper portion of the north tower. The chantries of St. Saviour and St. George were founded in the year 1518.

Our space will only allow us to indicate the more salient points of interest about the church. These are the roof-crests—an ornament of fleurs-de-lis in lead, the only specimen of this mode of decoration left in an English cathedral: the western screen, which lends an appearance of combined strength and beauty to the front, with the great west window, and St. Rhadegund's chantry; the richly-varied, decorated tracery of the windows; the superb vaulting; the minstrel's gallery, on the north side of the nave, with its curious representations of ancient instruments of music; the beautiful roof-screen, with its stone panels painted with Scriptural subjects, ranging from the Creation to Pentecost; the range of fifty-one slates, with misereres, of the beginning of the thirteenth century; the unrivalled bishop's throne; and an astronomical clock of the date of Edward III. in the north transept. The stained glass of the great east window is of a date between the years 1317 and 1325, with additions made in 1391-6. Some traces of early fourteenth century painting are discernible in the Lady Chapel. The grand bell called Tom of Exeter was originally brought from Llandaff in 1484 and recast in 1676. The library contains the Exon *Domesday*, and that of the counties of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, three manuscripts of Roger Bacon, Grandison's *Service-Book*, Lacy's *Liber Pontificalis*, and the ring, paten, and chalice used by Bishop Bylton.

Among the more famous bishops of the see occur Stapledon, founder of Exeter College, and Fox, founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Stafford, Lord Chancellor; Miles Coverdale; Gauden Sparrow and Trelawney, rendered famous by a well-known ballad, which is now suspected to be no earlier than the present century. The more observable sepulchral monuments are those of Bishops Leofric, Stafford, Bronscombe, S. d'Apulia, Oldham, and Marshal; and the effigies of Sir R. Stapledon, Bishops Cotton and Carey, Hugh, Earl of Devon, and Sir A. Chichester.

Crediton is a fine Perpendicular Church, cruciform, with a central tower and south porch. It was long a collegiate church, and replaced the ancient cathedral of the Bishops of Devon; the nave serving for a parish church. Copplestone Cross, four miles distant on the Torrington road, is twelve feet high, and ornamented with scrollwork. Ford Abbey, a Cistercian house, ten miles from Lyme Regis, now converted into a modern residence, retains a chapel of the twelfth century, with a groined roof, a Late Perpendicular hall, the north walk of the cloisters, and a tower-gate house; the dormitory has been subdivided into rooms; Inigo Jones, in 1675, built the staircase and saloon. The Collegiate Church of St. Mary and St. Edward, Ottery, six miles from Sidmouth, comprises two transept towers, Early English, with a spire upon the northern steeple, a Decorated Lady Chapel and

nave with Early English aisles, a choir and transept-like aisles forming chantries, with chambers over them of the same period, and the Dorset Chapel, Perpendicular, on the north side of the nave. Bishop Bronscombe, 1257-80, commenced the rebuilding of the church, which was completed by Bishop Grandison at the latter end of the fourteenth century, when the towers, as at Exeter, were formed into transepts. The fan-tracery of the Dorset Chapel was erected by Bishop Oldham. The south porch is of the sixteenth century. The observable features are the Minstrel's gallery, over the screen of the Lady Chapel, which has four sedilia, an astronomical clock, a bronze eagle, remains of parcloles of the fourteenth century, and of the ancient reredos; the brasses of A. Fleming, and the Stearmans, and the effigies of Sir O. Grandison and his wife. The church has been lately beautifully restored. Coleridge, Bishop Warburton, and Dr. Stukeley were educated at the Grammar School, and Sir Walter Raleigh lived in Mill Street.

The church of Newton Abbot, Perpendicular, retains a Norman font and some good parcloles to the chancel. The church of St. Blaise, Hacombe, contains fine interesting brasses of the family of Carey, and two effigies of knights. Cockington church has a perpendicular font. Compton Castle, the old seat of the Poles, is of the early part of the fifteenth century; and as it had no moat, has its outer walls machicolated to prevent assailants from undermining them; the north front, postern gateway, and part of the chapel, with a priest's room over it, remain. The Premonstratensian abbey of St. Saviour, now called Tor Abbey, was founded by W. Bruere in 1196; the ruins of the conventual church are on the north side of the modern house, the refectory (like the gateway of the fourteenth century) serves as a chapel, and the grange barn of the thirteenth century has been converted into stables. The ruined chapels of St. Michael and Ilam, of the fifteenth century, will also be visited; while the geologist will find a rich treat in visiting the stalagmite cavern of Kent's Hole, which contains a mine of bosses, weapons, and pottery; and at Hope's Ness a group of hills of red sandstone, cased with limestone, except on the south-west at Meadfoot sands, where the rock is argillaceous shale grit, and at Ilam, on the north-west, where it is trap.

Collumpton Church, a fine Perpendicular building, has a very rich chapel, built in 1528, and a very good wooden screen. St. Peter's Church, Tiverton, of the same period, contains a rich Norman doorway, a chapel with a fan-traceried roof, built 1517, and some rich screenwork. The school was founded by Peter Blundell, in 1604. Bradninch Church contains a good chancel screen, and the bed occupied by Charles I. in 1644 is preserved in the rectory, now called Bradninch House. The Castle of Berry Pomeroy, situated upon a rock and enclosed by woods, offers a most picturesque group of ruins, a great gateway, a round tower, a Tudor front, and a portion of a court dating from the time of Charles I. Dartmouth, the picturesque town of which Chaucer's "good shipman" was a frequenter, contains the fine cruciform church of St. Saviour, a rich wooden screen of Flemish-work, carved stalls, a stone pulpit, some good iron-work, and three brasses; and a house of the fifteenth century. And in the neighbourhood, Kingswear Castle, a square tower of the fourteenth century, with an octagonal turret; the ruins of the old castle, the tower of Paradise Fort, the Gallant's Bower, above St. Petrock's Church, which is surrounded with circular towers, battlements, embrasures, and a watch-tower begun in the reign of Henry IV. Dartington Hall, of the time of Richard II., distant one mile and a half from Totness, is in ruins; at the north-east angle is the old hall, which, with the southern gateway, is of the early part of the fourteenth century, and has a good roof. The north and south sides of the court are of the middle of that period; the former has three large porches with rooms over them; the latter have a range of garde-robes of the earlier date. The great hall on the west wide measures 69 ft. by 38 ft., and retains a capacious stone fireplace, a groined porch, and at the south-east corner is a large square kitchen, to which butteries are attached on the south. The church of St. Mary contains some good stained glass, rich oak carving and screen-

work, a Tudor pulpit, and an effigy of the thirteenth century. Totness, which has been identified with the Roman station called "Ad Dunum Amnem," and was the birthplace of Kennicott and Brockledon, retains the south gate and part of the town walls, the circular keep of a castle on a hill, and the Perpendicular Church of St. Mary, in which a rich stone screen, rood-loft, and pulpit are the more interesting features. There is a large south porch, and the wooden doors are elaborately worked with the linen pattern.

In reviewing this programme we regret to observe many omissions, and cannot evade the impression that it is far too grand and extensive to be effectually carried out. This is a common fault with the annual meetings of this kind: they attempt too much at one time, by extending their operations over—not a neighbourhood—but an entire district, which is deprived of its novelty for future meetings, and cannot be completely explored and investigated. Places which merit to be the centres of such gatherings are included in the excursion of a single day, and hastily glanced at, very much on the principle of looking at an interesting ruin out of the windows of a fast railway train, when the necessary deductions of time are made for the pleasant episodes afforded by hospitable lunches and post-prandial speeches which really appear not so much concomitants as the necessities of archaeological meetings in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

ON Wednesday evening last, Lord Brougham opened the Fifth Congress of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at Dublin. We have not space for the whole of the inaugural address which his Lordship delivered on the occasion, but we make a sufficient number of extracts to indicate the progress of some of the various departments falling within the province of the Association since its last meeting.

INTRODUCTORY.

We are met again by the complaint that few of the plans proposed by us have been accomplished, and that, of the measures originating in our labours, many have failed to pass through the Legislature. But the progress of all the sciences and arts is slow, because their improvement is necessarily gradual. Our limited faculties can never reach at once the utmost excellence of which they are capable, and their exercise can never complete suddenly any great work, but must proceed by steps towards its accomplishment. In the whole circle of science you find gradual progress to be the rule. Thus the vast changes which Newton made in the mathematics and in physical science were effected after others had made a near approach to the same point. The calculus, in itself so great an extension of analytical science, and in its consequences producing such a revolution in all the exacter sciences, had, above a quarter of a century before its invention, been nearly discovered by Cavalleri and Roberval, and still more nearly by Fermat, and some years later most nearly of all by Barrow; while the doctrine of gravitation and its explanation of the heavenly motions had been approached—at any rate, had the way prepared for it—by Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, Borelli; and even his optical discoveries had been partially anticipated by Krontaud, of Prague, and Antonio, Bishop of Spalatro. The science of chemistry, from the dreams of the alchemists to the erroneous theory of Stahl, made slow progress, and by successive improvements was freed from those errors, and grew into the science which Black, Priestley, Lavoisier, and Davy brought to its present state. The great rule of gradual progress governs the moral sciences as well as the natural. Before the foundations of political economy were laid by Hume and Smith, the French economists had made a great step towards it, and Turgot had himself worked, and as a Minister had patronized the labours of others in the same direction. Again, in constitutional policy, see by what slow degrees

the great discovery of representative government has been made from its first rude elements—the attendance of feudal tenants at their lord's court, and the summons of burghers to grant supplies of money. Far from being impatient at this slow progress, we ought rather to reflect that the sure advance of all the sciences depends in a great measure upon its being gradual. But the common law of our nature, which forbids the sudden and rapid leaping forward, and decrees that each successive step prepared by the last shall facilitate the next, is in an especial manner of importance and of value in the social sciences, which so nearly affect the highest interests of mankind. Here our course, to be safe, must be guided by the result of experience, and must always be of a tentative kind. We must even be prepared to change our direction and our pace, and to retrace our steps when we find we have gone too far in a wrong direction. The skilful navigator, when steering on an unknown coast, after taking all precautions to obtain information respecting it, having no chart, or none that can be relied on, proceeds with the lead ever in his hand, and the glass at his eye, lies to, when he can, at night or in a fog, and has his sail and his helm always ready to change his course on the least indication of peril. The safety of his ship and crew depends upon such precautions, and the safety of the community depends upon all proposed improvements, which are changes, being first most maturely considered, and, when adopted, being carried into execution by such advances as shall give time for correcting errors, or stopping short, or altering the course pursued, when actual experience proves it to be wrong.

JURISPRUDENCE.

The most important of all our departments, unquestionably, is the first—that of Jurisprudence; and here we have not to report a great number of measures recommended at our former meeting and adopted by the Legislature, but those which happily have been approved and passed are of very great moment. An elaborate report, with suggestions on the Patent Law, and the reports on Private Bill legislation, have as yet borne no fruit. But the important propositions respecting Charitable Trusts, made by our learned and distinguished colleague, Sir W. Page Wood, have to a great extent been adopted by the Education Commission, under the Duke of Newcastle; and the amendments of the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Laws, which, after the fullest investigations, are so strongly recommended, have almost all been introduced into the new Act, the careful framing of which reflects the greatest credit upon the Lord Chancellor. It has not passed through the ordeal of the Lords without material changes; but it is an important amendment of the law.

EDUCATION.

In coming to the next department—Education—our attention is first of all arrested by the great event which has happened since our last meeting, and to which our unwearied exertions have most essentially contributed—the repeal of the paper duty, the heavy tax upon knowledge in every one of its various branches. That gross and glaring anomaly in our legislative as well as administrative proceedings has now ceased. We can no longer be charged with at one and the same time paying for schools to teach and raising the price of the books taught—of encouraging people to read, of patronizing authors and multiplying readers, while we make it unprofitable for the former to write, and hard for the latter to read. The effect of this most salutary change has been immediate, and it has been great. Over what an ample field its operation extends may be seen by this,—that one daily penny paper has a circulation of 80,000, and a halfpenny weekly journal, with excellent cuts, has been established, and already issues above 8000. My complaints made at the Liverpool meeting can therefore no longer be urged, and a prodigious benefit has been conferred upon all the departments of knowledge by the steady perseverance of Mr. Gladstone in carrying this great measure against the most formidable resistance, both in Parliament and beyond its walls. Of that benefit we of the National Association have our full share, along with the gratifying reflection on the

part we took in obtaining it. The good thus bestowed seems to be free from all admixture of evil; for the alarm felt by some, affected by more, at the cheap newspaper press, is really groundless. The bulk of readers, always influenced by the more rational and better-informed part of the community, will entirely discountenance and prevent those outrages upon all taste as well as truth and decency, which we have seen in the press of some countries—of one particularly, so gross as almost to pass belief. But the character of the people must not be judged as if they could approve of such things. We might as well charge the French countrymen of Lavoisier and Lafayette with being robbers and murderers because the daily papers of Marat and Hebert preached wholesale pillage and assassination, as hold the countrymen of Washington and Franklin answerable for the sins of their press—a compound of slander, fraud, and bluster. So the incomparably lighter excesses with which our journals may be chargeable in the heat of factious controversy are never more than passing and temporary, giving way to the predominant good sense and good taste of the community. The solid benefit obtained by the multiplication of cheap papers, and works of all kinds, is real and permanent, and a subject of just congratulation, if it were for nothing more than their tendency to free the public from the monopoly of the established papers, and the domination which that monopoly has its wonted effect in producing. But our proceedings touching education have been successful in other directions.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.

In the great department of Social Economy much attention was at the last Congress given to the important introduction into the manufacturing districts of the co-operative system—the establishment of unions by the working-classes, for the purposes of sharing in the profits on the goods consumed or used by them, as well as of preventing adulteration of those goods, and for the other purpose of carrying on branches of manufacture. In both these kinds of union the progress has been very great since last year, and in the latter those doubts which seemed to exist of the scheme's practicability have been almost altogether removed. Above fifty companies for manufacture have been established since last Congress, besides many of mere stores. In these last a capital of £500,000 is invested; but in the former the manufacturing concerns represent a capital of nearly £2,000,000, exclusive of the Manchester Cotton Company (limited), whose capital is £1,000,000. The returns of Mr. Tidd Pratt show the creation of above two hundred and fifty co-operative societies within the last twelve months, all enrolled under the Friendly Societies Act.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

Our attention was engaged at the last Congress to the employment of women, and papers were read by Miss B. Parkes and others upon this important subject. There has been no relaxation on the part of these ladies since that time, and the printing establishment opened by Miss Faithfull has gone on with increasing success. The volume of Transactions for last year was printed at the Victoria Press, and Miss Faithfull is now engaged in publishing a volume, under Her Majesty's sanction, containing original contributions from the leading writers of the day. Besides these exertions, Miss Parkes originated a scheme for encouraging the emigration of educated women who cannot find employment in this country. But for the inferior cast of women the exertions now making to reclaim the fallen and prevent the fall of others are above all praise. The loss of Lord Herbert's strenuous assistance is in this, as in other parts of his most useful services, deeply to be deplored.

BOOK UNIONS.

An important plan has been devised by my friend Mr. Layard, with the assistance of Mr. Jerrold and others, towards encouraging the humbler classes in acquiring books, it being always found that the step which a poor man makes to being the possessor of a little library has a most salutary influence upon his habits. This gave rise to Book

Unions, and, though a Bill to facilitate these, and supported by part of the Government, was afterwards thrown out by other members of the Government, upon a groundless alarm that it tended to encourage gambling, because the books were to be raffled for, there is reason to hope that it may be more successful another year; and its promoters are, in the meantime, actively engaged in the support of these unions, of which there are many in the manufacturing towns. They are enabled to carry on their business by receiving a pound in yearly sums or weekly payments, giving at once a book of about half the price, and allowing contributors to have the chance of five pounds' worth of books at the end of the year in a raffle.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, August 2.

I HAVE already expressed a strong opinion on the expediency of making Florence the capital of the new kingdom of Italy; I have given the reasons which appear to me quite conclusive against raising Rome (the only city by universal consent which can be considered as a competitor with Florence for the preference) to that position; and it now remains to point out briefly the various considerations, which seem unmistakably to point out the Tuscan city as the true capital of the Peninsula.

In the first place Florence is especially favourably circumstanced with respect to each one of those points in which the deficiency of Rome has been shown. It is an eminently healthy city, more markedly such, probably, than any other of the great cities of Italy, if from the list of these we exclude such secondary towns as Siena and Perugia. The bills of mortality at Florence would be found to compare favourably with those of any one of such primary cities as could be at all thought of for the new capital. In 1853, the last year for which I happen to have the returns before me, the mortality for the district of Florence was one in thirty-six; and during a long course of years it has been continually improving. Of the age at which death has occurred I have no separate return for the city of Florence; but with regard to Tuscany in general, it may be mentioned that out of 47,958 deaths in the year 1853 there were—from 70 to 80, 4,337; 80 to 90, 1,747; 90 to 99, 193; 100 and upwards, 10. That branch of the science of statistics which relates to the phenomena of population was (like many another chapter in the history of human knowledge and progress) cultivated in Tuscany long before the nations now foremost in the race had given any attention to it. And we have a remarkably perfect series of population returns dating from a very early period, and curiously marking by their ebb and flow, the vicissitudes and degrees of good and evil government to which the country has been subjected. It would take too much space to indicate, even in the most summary manner, the thermometer-like variations of this long series of facts. It must suffice that the population of Florence rose from 81,956 in the year 1818, to 101,524 in 1840, and to 106,096 in 1849. At the present time it may be assumed to be 120,000.

With regard to the population of Tuscany there exists a very singular phenomenon, which, though it cannot be said to bear very directly upon the subject in hand, is so curious as to be worth mentioning. It is well known that generally,—almost, I believe, universally,—the law of population is that female births are in excess of that of males. In Tuscany the reverse is the case. There it would seem, that for every ninety-six females, a hundred males are born; and the phenomenon has been found to present itself during a long course of years with an unvarying constancy, which abundantly justifies the conclusion, that whatever may be the law elsewhere, and whatever may be the cause of so singular a variation, males are, by the Tuscan law of population, born in constant excess of females.

There are not wanting other evidences that the climate and sanitary conditions of Florence are above

the average of other cities. None of the more serious and fatal maladies to which mankind are subject, are found to prevail there in a degree superior to the general average of the entire country. From almost all the worst of those affections, which depend in a great measure upon local causes, Florence is singularly free.

But the great and infinitely most important superiority of Florence is to be found in the very marked superiority of her population, and in the antecedents and historical reminiscences and traditions which have led to this. In the first place the Tuscans are a sober people; probably the most completely so of any nation on the face of the earth. It may be truly said that drunkenness, as a popular vice, is unknown here; and the habits of the populace in this respect are very unmistakably evidenced by the absence of those drinking-houses, "bettoles," as they are termed in Italian, which are so abundant in the cities of northern and southern Italy. It is difficult to exaggerate the effect of this peculiarity on the temper, habits, and conduct of the people. To it, doubtless, is in a great measure due, that universal and never-failing gentleness, courtesy, and good-breeding which is found among the Tuscans to so marked a degree, that to one quitting Tuscany after a prolonged residence in its cities, the people of other countries seem rude, harsh, angular, and ill-tempered. I attribute this real gentility of breeding in great part to the sober habits of the population, not so much because a man is rude and disagreeable when he is the worse for liquor, as because the use of stimulating drinks to excess injures the nervous system, sours the temper, produces irritability and violence, and perpetuates the tendency to all this from generation to generation. No one, who has never known this people, can duly appreciate the degree in which the masses of the populace may approach towards the bearing which is elsewhere deemed the privilege and peculiarity of gentlemen, by virtue of mere habitual and traditional sobriety.

It has been already mentioned that the Tuscans are essentially and pre-eminently an orderly and law-abiding people, and that they are contrasted very favourably in this respect with the inhabitants of most of the other parts of Italy. No knives are carried in Tuscany, of any description at least calculated to do mischief. Crimes of violence are almost unknown. The street police of Florence has been for many years, and still is, the most inefficient in existence. The dangerous class may be said, as nearly as possible, to have the city to themselves from one or two a.m. till daybreak. It would be impossible for life to go on in any other city with so small an amount of protection, and so slack a rein. Yet there is little crime, and scarcely ever any violence. The universal popular sentiment is so averse to deeds of lawlessness and turbulence, that the world, with its usual candour in estimating exceptional virtues, assumed that the Florentines never cut each other's throats because they were too cowardly to do so. But Curtatone, Montanara, and the conduct of the Tuscan contingents in the late war both in Lombardy and the Marches, have silenced that calumny for ever.

Another peculiarity, which distinguishes the Florentine man of the people in a very remarkable manner, is his love of conversation and preference for intellectual amusement. Of course, under the system which has for so many generations kept popular education at the lowest possible ebb, discouraged all thinking, and carefully prevented the people from occupying their minds with anything save subjects of the utmost nullity and frivolity, the intellectual pabulum of all classes has been of the lowest quality. Still the inbred tastes and habits inherited from better times have most curiously maintained themselves. Though the small-talk with which a knot of Florentine labouring artisans may have been wont to amuse their evening hour, was probably of the smallest, yet the pastime was an intellectual one as compared with the purely sensual indulgences generally sought for elsewhere by similar classes in their hours of recreation. *Dis-course* is an amusement only to people who have a very considerable degree of civilization. It could never have become such to a nation which had never known any other national life than that which their Medicean and Lorenese rulers made for the

Tuscans. But it has remained so to this people, with that strangely indestructible vitality which characterizes habits that have once become rooted in the depths of the popular mind and character, a legacy of the time when every Florentine citizen had matters of grave interest and import to talk of, and a preparation for receiving with eagerness the materials of the old sort, which are now once again offered to it.

To this inherited and traditional habit and peculiarity it is due that no part of the great and multifarious difficulties which have beset the Italian government in the work of consolidating the national existence have come to it from Tuscany; that we have neither reactionist conspiracies nor "red" turbulence; that our representations are for by far the most part well and judiciously chosen; that the cost of making a great nation out of a number of heterogeneous and ill-governed small states has been counted and understood in Florence, and the burdens necessarily resulting from this cost borne with cheerfulness and patriotism. The members of the government at Turin have felt and known all this, and have marked the differences which have been with so much significance manifested between Tuscany and various other parts of Italy. And if they are sufficiently mindful of the inevitable and uncontrollable tendency of a capital to impress on, and inculcate with its own nature, the rest of a kingdom, they cannot fail to be strongly impressed with the desirability of thus giving the keynote to the nation from Florence rather than from Rome.

There remain to be stated many other grounds for the belief that a wise consideration for the future prosperity of Italy imperatively points to Florence as its capital; but I can do no more here than summarily mention some of them.

The position of the city in a strategic point of view is all that can be desired.

The nearness to Leghorn is very important. For reasons which I cannot now develop, but which I hope on some future opportunity to lay before the English reader, it will be found that Leghorn will infallibly be to Genoa what Liverpool has been to Bristol. It will become the great commercial port of Italy. There can be little doubt that it is destined to a very large development of activity, size, and wealth; and it is no small advantage to have all this within two hours of the capital.

Lastly, though very far from least in importance, Florence is and ever will be the capital of the Italian language. One of the steps in advance most urgently needed for the successful welding of the different parts of Italy into one homogeneous whole, is the agreement of all educated Italians in one common speech. And no man has ever doubted that this speech must be Tuscan. Those who are not well acquainted with the different parts of Italy are probably by no means aware of the degree in which the speech of even the educated classes in Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Emilia, Naples, and (in a much smaller degree, it is true), Rome, diverge from the standard of pure Italian, and from each other. The greater part of the members of the chamber now assembled at Turin cannot speak Italian. It has even been said that Ricasoli has a great advantage over his lamented predecessor in the task of leading the Chamber, "because he can speak Italian." Few things indeed can be of more lasting importance to the ulterior destinies of Italy, than that it should possess a language, one and the same from the Alps to the furthestmost headland of Sicily. It is undoubted, that this language must be Tuscan; and it is equally certain, that, if Florence be the capital of the kingdom, the speech of Tuscany will have a continual and natural tendency to become that of the universal nation, which can be effected by no other possible means.

On the beauty of the site, on its admirable adaptation to all the needs of a great city, and the unlimited facilities for extension under the most favourable conditions of all sorts,—on the wealth of noble public buildings possessed by Florence—on its admirably central position, wholly unrivalled by any other city in the Peninsula, I will not enlarge; for the remarkable combination of advantages offered by the "City of Flowers, and Flower of Cities" in all these respects is very obvious.

It is for a hundred obvious reasons absolutely necessary to the peace and well-being of Italy, and consequently to the tranquillity of Europe, that the new Italian kingdom should, with the least possible delay, be completed by the possession of those fractions of the country which have not yet passed under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. More especially it is essential that Rome should no longer be permitted to continue the head-quarters and rallying point of all the internal disaffection and external intrigues by which the disturbers of the peace of Europe seek to thwart the national will in Italy. The cry of the Italians, therefore, that they must and will possess Rome, is legitimate and intelligible. Italy must assuredly possess Rome. But Rome is a city of the past,—a city of memories,—of warning, not of inspiring memories; and it must remain such. When deprived of that last flicker of the life of the old Papal system, which still imparts some semblance of feeble and unwholesome animation to it, Rome will be a dead city,—a city which has died from the excess of its corruption. Such is not the fitting heart of a nation springing to renewed life, and panting to start on a new and healthful career of progress and prosperity. I believe, that the best minds in Italy share this opinion; and I have yet good hope, that the frightful error of linking the young life of Italy with all that is dearest and foulest in her unhappy past will be avoided.

T. A. T.

FINE ARTS.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

SECOND NOTICE.

Last week attention was called to one or two matters preliminary to consideration of the Eighth Report of the Science and Art Department at Kensington. The fact that these two departments, specially distinct, and essentially different in themselves, should ever have been joined under one management, shows the totally false ideas that are at work in this great national (at least in the sense of being nationally paid for) undertaking. There is no question as to which branch is the more important, or whether as much genius may not be evinced in the one department as in the other; but the qualities of mind are so essentially different, if not opposed to each other, as to make it matter of surprise that they should ever have been associated in one school, far less combined under one and the same management. Yet this is what has been accomplished, under some confused notions about the connection of Art with industry, in which science plays a part more or less prominently; and in the Report before us there is the record of what has been done during the last year, in Geometry, Geology, Physics, Mineralogy, Natural History, Navigation, Botany, Sculpture, Oil and Water-colour painting, free hand and mechanical Drawing, and almost every other subject embraced within the domains, of which these heads may be considered as the various roof-trees. Now, that all knowledge is good, need not be doubted, but that nearly all knowledge can be successfully taught or cared for under one management not remarkable for enlarged knowledge of any, is very much more than doubtful; and while it is no part of our desire to throw discredit on any means of extending information when all means are so much required, yet it is only reasonable that when the British public have to provide the means, they should have some satisfactory evidence that the people are getting value for the money annually extracted from them by taxation. No doubt this Report is satisfactory after its kind, and it would be a

very bad case indeed which those engaged in it, being the sole judges of, and reporters on, their own doings, could not make pleasant in appearance; and as everything may be proved by statistics, there are long arrays of figures, to show certain ratios of increase in the various branches of education which these British Humboldts superintend. In navigation, for example, the general satisfaction expressed, or rather represented, by the Report, is not borne out by the particular details, for while 2490 scholars sought information from the heads of the department on navigation in 1859, the application of these prelections had not increased in 1860, as is shown by a falling off in the number of pupils of nearly 100, the number last year being stated at 2396. Nor can this be seriously wondered at; for if the heads of this Kensington affair be really capable of conducting the national education in Art, it must seem improbable to the common sense of the community that they will be equally competent teachers or controllers of education in navigation. No doubt they may be as competent in the one walk as in the other; but, happily for the progress of genuine education in this country, the thinking portion of the people have as wholesome a disbelief in universal genius as in universal medicines, and those who seek to study navigation are not likely to be long hoodwinked by the imposing appearance of universal knowledge which this department so vigorously advertises at the national expense.

Nor in the Art section, which may be supposed its more peculiar sphere, is the success more encouraging; although this also is reported as satisfactory: but the satisfaction must be confined to those who take their information at second-hand, or to those sixty-eight students and others to whom the "allowances" are made, for there seems no ground for satisfaction on the part of the general public. It may also be inferred that the forty students who have attended the classes free, have few grounds for complaint, or the twelve who have during the past twelve months obtained masterships, although these are often miserable enough jobs, both for instructors and instructed; but in other respects the system seems to have reached something like a deadlock; so that with all the powers of inducements and influences at the command of this department—and these are neither few nor sparingly used occasionally—while the students at Kensington have increased as well as at some of the district schools in London, the schools in the provinces show a falling off nearly three thousand pupils—a state of things officially ascribed to the influence of the Volunteer movement, but which is much more likely to be the natural result of that system of forcing up schools under the momentary influence of deputations, only to go down when the novelty wore off, combined with the growing conviction among nearly all classes not specially interested, and especially among employers of artistic labour, that the education received is often worse than worthless for all the practical purposes of every-day existence, even in businesses where a knowledge of Art is indispensable. That this feeling of antagonism by many, both employers and student-workmen, may be carried too far, and not rest on sound reasons, may be quite true; but that it has some good soil to nurture it and keep it alive is evident from its increasing and continued existence almost everywhere, and which is so strong in such a place as Bradford, that those interested in Art and Manufactures there would not allow their School of Design to become connected with Kensington. That

there is ground for this distrust by practical men, even the Report seems to admit by inference. It regrets that but few painted studies of flowers from nature have been submitted to the Examiners, as such studies are specially valuable to the ornamentalist; less emphasis has also been given to flowers, and the arrangement of colour in these works is not so commendable as usual. So say the reporters, Messrs. Eastlake, Horsley, and Redgrave; and this is but saying in official language what practical men say, with greater bluntness perhaps, but also with more vigour. How these gentlemen can afterwards say, "On the whole we think the instruction in the various schools is going on soundly, and with a tendency to improvement?" Very like damning with faint praise, at best; but which surely cannot be true, if what constitutes the basis of ornament be neglected, and the arrangement of colour on what is done be not so commendable as usual.

The Report states that that year seven new schools had been started, and the Commissioners say that as a number of large towns have not yet established schools of Art, they have deemed it advisable to communicate with the authorities of such towns, offering that an inspector should visit them, to explain the system of this department; or they offer to send certified teachers into localities where a special school of Art could not be successfully established. This is, of course, very kind and considerate of the Commissioners, being all done for the benefit of the working classes and others unable at present to obtain instruction in drawing. But the offer has another aspect, and one which affects a class of teachers who, although not so mechanically perfect, may yet be as good teachers of drawing as those who have received certificates from the department. This offer is neither less nor other than an attempt to root out all teachers of drawing except those sent down from head-quarters, and supported by taxes drawn in part from the people to be superseded. This is centralization in its most odious aspect, and one which the department should rather hide from, than thrust upon, public notice. In Bristol, for instance, there are 211 money students, "mostly females paying high fees," as a note informs us; that is, persons in good circumstances; and the fees paid by all are £209. 14s.,—less than £1 each a year for education in drawing; but the amount of aid afforded to this school by the department is £107. 7s. 3d., a portion of which goes to supplement the salary of the teacher, which is simply enabling him by protection, in the form of a bounty paid from taxes, to drive the non-bonused teacher out of the market. Whether the large towns will go on adopting a principle applied to education which they denounce as so unsound when applied to all other transactions, remains to be seen; but it would be expedient for those who are working this protection policy in education out, not to be too ostentatious over such questionable work. Many of the other details of this Report are interesting, but those noticed form the salient points, because any one can see at Kensington what number of pictures have been put under glass, or what bricks have been added to the building collection.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Alfred Mellon gave the first of his new series of concerts at the Royal

Italian Opera House. That the critic grumbles somewhat at being recalled from fresh fields and fragrant lanes to the stench of London at this most odiferous season is scarcely to be wondered at; nor that he should feel aggrieved by the crowd which assembled to do Mr. Alfred Mellon honour; and that even the very music which Mr. Alfred Mellon had selected to amuse them seemed unmusical. A little thought, however, soon dispels this irritable mood. He remembers that though the upper ten thousand have left London, and though, properly speaking, there is not a soul in town, there are still an odd two million nine hundred thousand quasi-souls left, who come in for the crumbs that are left. On the whole, therefore, it is matter of general rejoicing that Mr. Mellon has determined to make such an effort for public amusement at this flat season of the year, when the interregnum between Italian and English Opera leaves the musical portion of the public almost destitute. The performance requires little comment. When we say that the band has been selected with all possible skill, that it numbers amongst its members some of the finest instrumental performers in London, and that it is on the whole fully equal to the orchestra which obeyed Mr. Mellon's baton at the English Opera last year, we have said that it is one of the finest bands ever got together. On Monday evening, the popular element decidedly predominated in the programme, but the applause which greeted the two more classical pieces—the overture to "Der Freischütz" (Weber), and the Italian Symphony of Mendelssohn, seemed to indicate that a little more of the higher kind would not have been unwelcome. The great success of the evening, we are sorry to say, would appear to have been a choral march about "Brave Volunteers," composed by Mr. G. W. Martin, and sung by the two hundred members of the National Choral Society. Mlle. Parepa and Mme. Laura Baxter, undertaking the vocal department of the evening's entertainment, are popular; but as we have criticized their performances once and again in these columns, we may be silent on the present occasion. On the whole, we may advise all our musical readers who are constrained to remain in town at this season, to spend an evening with Mr. Mellon.

THE THEATRES.

This week witnesses the conclusion of the season at two more of our principal theatres, the Strand and the Olympic. At the latter theatre, Mr. Robson has recently been performing in several of his best-known characters, including that of *Samson Burr*, in Mr. Oxenford's favourite drama, "The Porter's Knot," a part which, almost more than any other, has contributed to raise Mr. Robson to the position he occupies in the favour of a London audience. It is late in the day to speak of the blended humour and pathos he succeeds in throwing into this part, but it seems to have lost little of its attractions to judge by the enthusiasm of the audience, and it contrasted favourably with the broader farce of "Poor Pillicoddy," by which it was succeeded. Mr. Robson took his benefit last evening, on which occasion he delivered what seems to be becoming once more the fashion, namely, an address to the audience. This address was, however, not in time for us to hear and describe in our columns, but we may pretty confidently predict, without risking more than what a Derby prophet would consider a sound venture, that it was enthusiastically received by an audience always indulgent to Mr. Robson, who in spite of his mannerism and repetition, and partly by their aid, is rightly placed in the foremost ranks of dramatic talent. The Haymarket and the Adelphi seem to "forget all time;" with them "all seasons and their change all please alike." The Lyceum is about to be reopened, having been taken for two months by Mr. Falconer. A new comedy, entitled "Woman, or Love against the World," is announced for performance on Monday next, and among the actors engaged appear the familiar names of Messrs. Addison and Walter Lacy, of Mrs. Charles Young, and Misses Lydia Thompson and Murray. The new season at the Princess's commences in September, with a new comedy by John Brongham, Esq., entitled "Playing with Fire."

MADAME CATHERINE HAYES.

The death of Catherine Hayes at the early age of forty, in the full plenitude of her powers and with a voice as fresh and unwearied as that of Patti herself, can only be looked upon as a national calamity by all lovers of music. The record of her musical existence is that of one unbroken series of triumphs, and in this country as well as her native Ireland, she will be mourned over as one whose loss will not easily be replaced. After studying in Ireland under Signor Sapia, she received the highest musical education that could be obtained from preceptors like Manuel Garcia of Paris and Felice Ronconi of Milan, in which latter place she appeared as Prima Donna in the world-famous La Scala. Here her reception was deemed enthusiastic, even from that most enthusiastic of audiences. In 1849 she appeared in London at the Royal Italian Opera, in the character of *Linda di Chamouni*, in which the favourable impression she made is still well remembered. Since that time, Catherine Hayes has traversed no insignificant portion of the habitable globe, both civilized and barbaric, and returned home with golden opinions from across the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Since her return, her admirable execution of our fine old ballads, in the delivery of which she stood without a rival, has rendered her name familiar through every nook and corner of this kingdom. In these she appealed to an audience infinitely larger than that which witnessed her previous operatic triumphs; and the affectionate reception she universally met with, must have been as gratifying to her heart as it was flattering to her merits as a vocalist. In private life, Catherine Hayes was warmly prized, and her domestic career was consistent with, and worthy of the dignity of the true artist.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

M. Auber, the famous composer, has been elevated to the grade of *grand officier* of the Legion of Honour. The announcement in the Conservatoire of this dignity conferred upon the great musician was received by the pupils with thunders of applause, which were renewed again and again. On the same day, M. de Bauges, Secretary of Direction of the Conservatoire de Musique, was appointed to the rank of Chevalier of the Legion; and M. Auguste Maquet, Président de la Commission des Auteurs Dramatiques, to that of officer.

The distribution of prizes at the Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation took place on Friday, the 9th instant, and was presided over by the Count Walewski. Among the members who were present on that occasion, were MM. Auber, Halévy, and Ambroise Thomas. The speech of the Count Walewski was warmly applauded. The performances terminated with a concert by the pupils of the Conservatoire.

In consequence of the illness of Mlle. Marie Sax, Mme. Rey-Balla, of the Théâtre de la Monnaie of Brussels, has made her *début* at the opera in the rôle of *Alice*, in "Robert le Diable." After she had sung the celebrated Romance, "Quand je quittai la Normandie," her success was no longer a matter of doubt. Her appearance is spoken of as singularly prepossessing, and her voice as being of remarkable freshness. Mme. Rey-Balla is studying the rôle of *Valentine* in "Les Huguenots," in which she is announced shortly to appear. A new tenor from the Strasbourg Theatre, M. Dulaurens, made his first appearance on the same evening, and in the same opera. He is announced as shortly to take the part of *Arnold* in "Guillaume Tell." M. Dulaurens has served as a private soldier in the French army.

The "Pied de Mouton," which has had so wonderful a success all through France, is announced as again to be performed at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, with entirely new dresses and decorations. It is impossible to furnish a stronger proof of the enthusiasm of the French populace for gorgeous

spectacle than is afforded by the extraordinary success of this most imbecile of dramas, which is only redeemed by the beauty of scenic effects and elaboration of stage machinery.

At the Opéra Comique the favourite tenor Montaubry has re-appeared in "Fra Diavolo," for which Mme. Cabel was also re-engaged. Mme. Cabel has also appeared in "L'Etoile du Nord."

M. Morère, who obtained the first prize at the Conservatoire at Paris, has accepted an engagement at the Opéra, and M. Capoul and Mlle. Cico and Balbi, who took prizes at this same institution, are announced as having been engaged at the Opéra Comique.

A new piece by M. Henri Rochefort, entitled "Les Roueries d'une Ingénue," has been produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Its success seems to have been only small, though proportionate to its merits.

A new opera in two acts is announced as in preparation at the Opéra in Paris, of which the libretto is by M. Mélesville and the music by M. Alary. Mlle. Rey-Balla, it is anticipated, will be the heroine. There is also a rumour concerning the engagement, expressly for this work, of a female singer of religious music, of extraordinary vocal power, who will not venture on the stage, but sing from behind the scenes. We suspect this will prove to be a canard.

MISCELLANEA.

On Saturday, August 3rd, died, at Versailles, aged 68, the Rev. Father Ventura, of the Society of Jesus. He was born at Palermo, Sicily, in 1792, and entered the Jesuit College, in his native city, at the age of fifteen, and rose to become Professor of Rhetoric. He was ordained in due course, and devoted himself to preaching with great success. His "Panegyric" on Pius VII. passed through twenty editions, and gained for him the title of the Italian Bossuet. His work, entitled, *The Influence of the Sixteenth Century*, was considered to be no unfitting companion for the *Variations* by his great prototype. In 1824, he was elected General of his Order. He was afterwards appointed member of a Commission of Censorship, together with Orioli and Micham, who afterwards rose to be Cardinals; and also with Father Capellari, better known to history as Pope Gregory XVI. He obtained, at the same time, the Chair of Ecclesiastical Law, together with the office of Almoner of the University of Rome. He was much employed by Leo XII., who had a high opinion of his capacity in negotiating the Concordat with the Duke of Modena. He brought about a recognition between the Pope and Châteaubriand, then French Ambassador to the Holy See; and finally obtained from the Court of Rome the recognition of Louis Philippe as King of the French *de facto*, though not *de jure*. His work, *De Methodo Philosophandi*, published by him in 1828, brought on him some smart attacks from the Abbé Lamennais. Soon after this date Ventura quitted the Papal Court, and for ten years devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures and of the Fathers of the Church, withdrawing from all public affairs. In 1839, he published his work on *The Beauty of the Faith*; and about this time preached his finest sermons in St. Peter's and in the Church of St. Andrew della Valle; and it is said that his published discourses would fill five octavo volumes. He preached the funeral discourse of O'Connell, in 1847. But the tranquil studies of his life were about to be interrupted, for the Revolution of February, 1848, was at hand. His liberal opinions gave him great power with the multitude, which was further increased by his sermon in honour of those who fell during the siege of Vienna. In the same year, he was named by the popular Government of Sicily a Minister Plenipotentiary and Commissioner Extraordinary to the Pontifical Court—a mission which he accepted

with full concurrence of the Pope. It was from Father Ventura that the Emperor Napoleon first borrowed the idea of a confederation of the Italian States with the Pope for President; but the plan encountered at the time great opposition from Charles Albert, who had far different views. After the flight of the Pope, Ventura remained quietly at Rome; but though offered the Presidency of the Constituent Assembly, he declined to accept so perilous a distinction. He never believed in the durability of the Roman Republic, but he was strongly opposed to the attack on Rome by General Oudinot. He left the city early in the following May, and retired to Civita Vecchia, under the protection of the French. Despairing of being able to enlighten the public mind on the real state of Italy, and feeling himself unable to render any further service to the Pope or to the nation, he quitted Italy for France, and took up his residence at Montpellier. Here he learnt, with great pain, that his sermon on "The Victims at Vienna" was condemned by the Congregation of the Index at Rome; but he submitted to the condemnation with a good grace, and formally retracted the opinions which he had advanced in that discourse. During his stay at Montpellier, he published his *Letters to a Protestant Minister*, with the view of refuting the statement of a Genevan clergyman who had publicly contended that St. Peter was never at Rome at all. Having remained for two years at Montpellier, where he preached continually in the French language, he went to Paris, where his name, already well known to the public, acquired fresh celebrity from his Conferences delivered before the *savans* of the Observatory and the Institute; but above all, by his eloquent sermons, which for years drew crowds to the churches of the Madeleine and St. Louis d'Antin. He also preached the Lent Sermons in the Imperial Chapel in the Tuileries. Of late he had resided at Versailles, and his health had been long suffering a decline; so that his death was not unexpected. The original character of his style, the copiousness and energy of his language, and his bursts of lofty eloquence, not to speak of his vast store of theological science, made even the most fastidious of his hearers forget his peculiar pronunciation of the French tongue.

A curious discovery of ancient mural paintings has been made in the church of Bagnot, in the Canton de Seurre. In repairing this church, which belongs to the eleventh century, the apse and choir were found to be covered with paintings in distemper, which had been hidden for centuries under a thick coat of whitewash. One of these frescoes, which is in the best preservation, represents Christ with his head surrounded by a full aureole, with a countenance of remarkable beauty and gentleness, and with his hand raised in the act of bestowing his benediction. His figure is larger than life; at his feet he treads the many-headed beast of the Apocalypse. At his left St. George is combating the dragon; and at his right an angel is weighing the souls of the dead. These paintings are, generally, lamentably scratched and otherwise damaged. They are anterior to the great works of Giotto, and resemble in some respects the works of Cimabue or of Giunta di Pisa. They are attracting considerable attention in France.

We have been asked to insert the following suggestion for the emendation of a well-known Shakespearean difficulty. We may add, that we are far from endorsing the conjecture.—

"As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun."—*Hamlet*.

I have little doubt that these corrupted lines were originally written as follows:—

Vast stars with trains of fire and hues of blood,
Did also dim the sun.

The lines mean this: "Vast stars, blood-spotted and with trains of fire, did also dim the sun; by outshining him, as daylight doth a lamp."—EUGENE J. BRADY.

Mr. Lilly, the well-known bookseller of Bedford Street, has issued a new catalogue of books, which is of singular interest to those who care for our early

English literature; as a sample of the store it contains, and which may well make the mouth of the collector water, it includes almost a hundred and fifty works under the one head of the fine old poet George Wither, collected principally from the libraries of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, of J. M. Gutch, Esq., of the Rev. John Nutford, and in some instances from that of the writer of this notice.

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously promised to contribute the following, among other pictures by deceased artists, to the Fine Art Department of the International Exhibition of 1862:—Portrait of Queen Charlotte, Death of General Wolfe, Departure of Regulus, and Oath of Hannibal: Benjamin West, P.R.A. Portrait of Dr. Fischer, and Portrait of Hurd, Bishop of Winchester: Gainsborough. George III. reviewing the 10th Dragoons: Sir W. Beechey. Portrait of Bishop North: Dance. Portrait of Mrs. Elliott: Riley. View on the Thames, and another ditto: James. The Tribune at Florence, The Lapidaries, Portrait of Queen Charlotte and Princes, and companion picture: Zoffany. The Wild Huntsman: Westall. The Mall: Hogarth. Duchess of Gloucester and Dog, Nymph and Cupid, Marquis of Rockingham, and Marquis of Hastings: Reynolds. Her Royal Highness Princess Sophia, Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, and Earl of Eldon: Hoppner. Sir William Curtis, Pope Pius VII., and Earl of Liverpool: Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Mock Election: Haydon. Coronation of Her Majesty: Leslie. The Shrimpers, and The Coast of Norfolk: Collins. Penny Wedding, Blind Man's Buff, The Guerilla's Departure, The Guerilla's Return, Spanish Posada, Pifferari, Princess Doria, and Siege of Saragossa: Wilkie. Princess Amelia: Hudson. Portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Amelia, Sophia, and Augusta (daughters of George III.): Copley. A Landscape: De Loutherbourg. The Duenna: Stewart Newton. The Orphan Daughter of Sir Walter Scott: Sir W. Allan. Saturday Night: Bird.

A fine, healthy, and vigorous plant of the Victoria Regia, or Royal Lily, is now producing a succession of its blossoms of marvellous and gorgeous beauty in the water garden of the original Tropical Aquarium, or Stove No. 6, at Kew; the leaves of this giant novelty at these Gardens are three feet in diameter. In the *parterre* of the Dutch or Geometrical garden, in front of the old Museum, the outer bed, or open border, has been planted with variegated and mixed flowers, as a design and pattern for a Coventry Ribbon; it is a fine illustration and remarkable example of the talent and ingenuity of the artist and the harmonious blending of colour, and by far the leading and most prominent feature and attraction of the season. The trees, shrubs, and flowers are now in their most glorious summer beauty and splendour, and the whole noble domain, (including the pleasure grounds and new arboretum,) by far more beautiful and in a higher state of cultivation than at any former period of its history. A Drinking Fountain of a very novel and elegant design has been erected near a venerable walnut-tree (said to be the oldest in England), which will shortly be at the service of the public.

The Kent Archaeological Society have held their fourth Annual Congress at Maidstone; and it would seem the proceedings were thoroughly satisfactory. The Marquis Camden occupied the Presidential chair. Amongst the places visited on the first day of the gathering, were All Saints Church and Allington Castle, where Mr. Beresford Hope, and Mr. Parker, of Oxford, acted respectively as expository guides. On the second day, after a paper had been read by the Rev. J. Slatter, on "Kit's Coty House," two excursions were organized—one to Leeds Castle, and the other to "The Friars," at Aylesford, an ancient mansion which now belongs to the Earl of Aylesford, and is full of interest, both from its history and from its curious contents. The Hon. J. G. Talbot was appointed Secretary, in the place of the Rev. L. B. Larking, who has retired in consequence of failing health.

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6 Egg Spoons, gilt, bowls.....	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt, bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt, bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 15s. Ten and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

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